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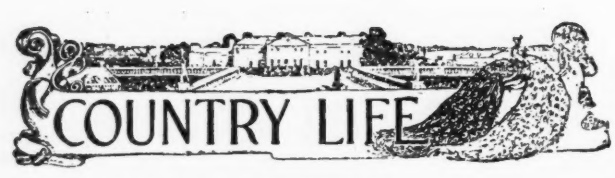
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SPEAIGHT.

LADY COLLINS.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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POULTRY-KEEPING
IN AMERICA.

SOME time ago the executive committee of the National Poultry Organisation Society instructed Mr. Edward Brown to make a tour in Canada and the United States for the purpose of examining the conditions under which poultry are raised there, and his report is now before us. Its importance may be inferred from the fact that of the poultry imported into Great Britain during the first seven months of the present year, the value of which was over £500,000, the United States of America sent to the value of £237,900, or slightly over 45 per cent. In quality there has been an advance corresponding to that in quantity, and this has been apparent, in Mr. Brown's opinion, for the last five years. He left Liverpool on June 1st, and visited the chief poultry-rearing states of America, and the packing houses in the great towns. The result is very instructive from an English point of view. In Canada they do things as they are done in Ireland, and take a census of the fowls. From a table showing the value of poultry and eggs produced in the various provinces in 1901 we find that Ontario is easily first in this particular, Quebec following, with the other States a long way behind. The feature of the export trade from Canada is its sudden growth. In poultry it has been increased sevenfold in ten years. No doubt with the extension of farming operations this increase will continue in the future. Already the production of eggs and poultry in Canada is estimated in value at £5,000,000, which is extraordinarily good, if we remember that the population of the Dominion is only about five and a-half millions. It may be confidently expected, then, that a large supply of poultry will in the future come to Great Britain from the Dominion of Canada. In the United States the total output can only be estimated, but the Hon. James Wilson, who is the United States Secretary of State for Agriculture, puts the value of the eggs and poultry produced in the States in 1905 as being worth more than £100,000,000. The States where most poultry is raised are Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Kansas. An expert informed Mr. Brown that in these Western States from 25 to 30 per cent. of the eggs and poultry marketed in America was raised. It is pointed out that wonderful facilities exist for rearing poultry in this part of the world. There is plenty of land to be had cheaply, abundance of food and a very great demand at good prices.

The Americans are famous for doing everything on a large scale, and they have applied their usual methods to poultry. At one farm that Mr. Edward Brown visited there were 5,000 laying hens kept in addition to the breeding-stock. In Philadelphia one man alone has invested £600 in his poultry plant, and intends to raise it to £20,000. Mr. Brown found that there were very few of those small poultry-keepers that we are so familiar with in England. He gives a detailed account of Lakewood Poultry Farm in the township of Bursville in New Jersey. It was established about seven years ago, and the owner commenced with a capital of 2,000dol. But the business grew so largely that much more capital had to be put into it. It consists of about sixty acres of sandy soil, on a large fraction of which are the small oak and pine trees characteristic of that section of New Jersey. Upon the farm are seven long poultry-houses divided into eight pens each, giving house-room for sixty birds. In order to keep the ground sweet it is planted with fruit trees and otherwise cultivated from time to time. In each poultry house there is a passage-way at the back, and in front of that is a roosting compartment raised above the floor with biaged, curtained front, which can be raised in the winter-time, the rest of the house being employed as a scratching shed in order to give the birds plenty of exercise. On this farm the favourite birds, and apparently the only ones kept, are white Leghorns, preferred, Mr. Brown says, for the reason that they are active, hardy and excellent layers. They are usually kept for two years, and used for breeding only in the second year. Dependence is placed very largely on the young stock for the production of eggs. At the end of the second season the old birds are sold, and we are told that there is a great demand for them on the part of the Hebrew community. The owner of the farm stated that the success of it was not due to what may be termed the accessories, but to supplying eggs and chickens for ordinary consumption. The eggs are nearly all sold by contract, the lowest price received being 1s. 4d. per dozen delivered in New York. It goes up as far as 2s. 6d. in the winter months. As the reporter remarks, "these are high prices, and can only be secured by careful attention to freshness and quality." Another source of income is found in the surplus cockerels. There is a good demand for them as squab broilers when they weigh about three-quarters of a pound. Mr. Brown gives descriptions of many other poultry farms in the United States, but from the one we have described an opinion may be formed of the others. Speaking generally, the breeds kept are determined by the local taste. In New York white eggs are preferred, and hence white Leghorns, which give a large white egg, are preferred before all others. But in New England housekeepers like a tinted shell, and hence some of the heavier types of birds are selected. A breed that flourishes in Rhode Island and South Massachusetts is the Rhode Island red, which is practically unknown in England. Elsewhere white Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks and light Brahmas are found. The buff Orpington has been largely introduced into Canada.

Generally speaking, Mr. Brown found the table poultry in the United States inferior to that in Western Europe, a result which he attributes in large measure to the great consumption of broilers. The larger fowls he considered to be about equal in food value to our third and fourth rate poultry; in fact, inspection of them causes him to launch forth in praise of the home-grown fowl. The education of the American has not as yet carried him far beyond the taste for broilers, or what used to be called spatchcock in England. That is, after the bird is cleaned and the head, neck and legs cut off, it is split along the back and laid out flat, breast upwards. They cook it by dropping it into boiling fat in Europe, but in America they cook it on a grill in front of the fire. The squab broilers are the same as the *fetits poussins*, or milk chickens of Europe. In addition to the broilers there are the soft roasters, by which is meant large birds, often capons, for which high prices are paid. Mr. Edward Brown gives very detailed particulars of the methods employed by the American poultry-rearers, but the moral seems to be that the facilities for raising poultry there are so great that for some time to come we are likely to receive from the United States huge consignments of poultry, which as yet can only be classified as third-rate, but may greatly improve in the future.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Collins. Lady Collins is a daughter of Mr. John Wilson, formerly M.P. for the Govan Division of Lanarkshire, and her marriage to Sir William Job Collins, M.D., F.R.C.S., took place in 1898.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES.

A REMARK made by Dr. Crichton Browne at the public meeting held at University College to discuss the question of the purity of the meat and milk supply, has a very direct bearing on a question that we are preparing to bring before our readers in a practical manner. He says, "Not one consumer in ten ever got genuine butter." We were importing and making enormous quantities of blended butter, and both of these were adulterated in such a way that even the skilled analyst had difficulty in detecting it. The education of the public taste in regard to butter is a very important matter. The educated palate ought to be able to detect at once the signs of adulteration, and to recognise those qualities which come from scrupulous cleanliness in making the butter and attention to its absolute purity. Dr. Crichton Browne warmly advocates more thorough inspection, but this will be ineffectual in itself unless the consumer be taught how to recognise the best, and to insist upon getting it.

Sir Frederick Treves, who was in the chair, dwelt on another aspect of the subject that possesses the very greatest importance. He finds that the extraordinary infant mortality, on which comment has frequently been made, is due in large measure to the impurity of the milk supply to infants. As he showed, the consumer in this case is almost powerless. He is, no doubt, right in his contention that we go the wrong way to work to secure greater purity in our food. The inspection ought to be done at the source and not at the finish. He is strongly in favour of increasing the powers of inspectors by legislation. Needless to say, Sir Frederick Treves is a master of the subject, and was not content to air these views as if they were simply evolved from his inner consciousness. He has made a very thorough analysis of the various reports issued by the medical officers of health, and established his case by an array of facts that no argument or logic can destroy.

Twenty-five years ago the death of Lord Cranbrook would have been regarded as a national misfortune, and it is only because he had reached the ripe age of ninety-two that his demise is to-day accepted as the quiet and natural end to a distinguished career. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy was called to the Bar as far back as 1840, and although he did not enter Parliament till 1856, he contested Bradford in 1847. During his political career he held many offices. He was Under-Secretary for the Home Department in Lord Derby's second Government, and ultimately became Secretary of State in it. In Mr. Disraeli's Government of 1874 he was for four years Secretary of State for War, and in 1878 was raised to the peerage and became Secretary for India. In Lord Salisbury's Government of 1886 he was President of the Council. One of the most striking events in his political career occurred in 1865, when he defeated Mr. Gladstone in the contest for Oxford University.

Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, to abide by the name under which his chief laurels were won, showed himself an excellent debater in those stormy days when Disraeli's Eastern policy was so frequently challenged by Mr. Gladstone. Yet it was not on the platform that he proved most powerful. Disraeli's wonderful insight into men was shown when he attributed Gathorne-Hardy's influence in the Cabinet to his shrewd common-sense and his absolute unselfishness. Few who saw him in later years could judge his age from his appearance, as he remained wonderfully vigorous till the very last. As the Earl of Cranbrook he was asked to become

Chairman of the House of Laymen when Lord Selborne died, but excused himself on the ground that he would prefer to spend his old age in quiet with his family. Thus the once conspicuous figure withdrew into retirement, and little indeed has been heard of him during the final years of his long life.

Agriculturists throughout the country will feel that more than a conventional expression of regret is required by the closing of Downton College. The good work done by it is very well known. It owed its existence to Professor Wrightson, who during the last forty years has been known as one of the most illuminating writers on agricultural subjects. With him was associated for a long time Dr. Fream, equally well known for his contributions to the literature of husbandry. The cause of the stoppage of Downton College is to be found in the outbreak of the South African War. A writer in the *Salisbury Times and South Wilts Gazette*, who evidently has full information on the subject, says that the effect of the war "was not only that a large number of students left the college in order to join the Imperial Yeomanry and other bodies," but the outbreak "was also marked by temporary cessation of entries." The number of students went down from over forty to about seventeen between October, 1899, and January, 1900. When peace was concluded, the numbers increased, but the college never seems to have recovered its previous prosperity. In the meanwhile other means of imparting agricultural education have been brought into being by County Councils and other public bodies. The situation of the college is so healthy, and the arrangements are so convenient, that we hope some means will be found to retain it for its original purpose. Professor Wrightson, whatever may be the outcome, has the satisfaction of having done most useful work there, and we join with those who wish him many years of life and happiness in his retirement.

LAUS CYNTHIÆ.

Would you ask me to be wise?
Would you ask me to discover
Where the charm of Cynthia lies,
In her lips, or in her eyes,
And I a lover?
Would you ask me to declare
Her the fairest of her kind?
Reason only can compare
Her and her, to find most fair;
Love is too blind.
Cynthia shines; I cannot see
If the stars around her shine.
Every star a sun may be;
But only this I know, that she
Is she, and mine.

H. E. MALDEN.

A valuable experiment in the way of providing for the small holders is now being conducted by Mr. Joseph Fels in the county of Essex. He owns an estate of about 630 acres, lying between the rivers Crouch and Blackwater, and has devoted about 130 acres to the formation of small holdings. The general size of each holding has been five acres. There are twenty-two of these, each with its cottage and outbuildings. The cottages cost £250 each to build, and the outbuildings £100. Of the five acres which the small holder is intended to cultivate, two are planted with fruit trees, and three left for cultivation. In charging the rental the landlord has calculated on receiving the very moderate interest of from three to four per cent. on the capital invested. This means that the annual rent of a house and holding would be from £25 to £30. Cottages for labourers, which were put up at a cost of £200 each, are let at a weekly rent of 3s. 6d. The district lies in such contiguity to London that fruit-growing and market-gardening ought to be profitable, and we have no doubt that there are many people who have hitherto been earning a living in town who would be very glad to settle on one of these tiny holdings.

This is the time of the year when the gardener will be most disposed to give good welcome to any machine which is introduced to his notice with a view of saving him and his undermen some share of the trouble which is caused by the falling leaves. There is a motor machine lately invented for the purpose which does this work very quickly and satisfactorily, and is much to be commended for use where there are large lawns and trees that shed autumnal leaves in untidy plenty. The eventual value of the leaves thus gathered for leaf-mould is too well known to be worth writing on.

It is a great acorn year, and therewith there are the usual consequences—a danger is created for cattle grazing in the field in which, or around which, the oak trees are growing, for eating the acorns sometimes causes their death; and the acorns are also causing the usual immense immigration of wood-pigeons from the Continent, which we hardly ever fail to notice when acorns are in abundance. It may be noted that acorns make excellent

feeding for pigs and also for deer, and may generally be sold for the feeding of the latter at a price which at least pays for their collection from the fields, where they constitute a danger to stock. There is no kind of berry which does not seem in more than its normal plenty this year. The holly trees, in particular, are wonderfully bright with scarlet fruit. A year so rich in this respect is good for the wild pheasants, which feed eagerly on most kinds of berries; but it is not all for the advantage of the gamekeeper, because the berries, and the acorns especially, tempt the pheasants out along the hedgerows until many of them are at a loss to find their way back to their coverts.

In the current *Macmillan's Magazine* there is an interesting account of the Manchester Country School for Town Children, which was founded not long ago at Knolls Green in Cheshire. The school is open from April to October, and the children from the slums of Ancoats are sent down for a fortnight in batches of eighty boys and eighty girls. In the morning they do ordinary school work with Nature-teaching accentuated, and the afternoons are devoted to Nature lessons outdoors. Each child has its own bed—a luxury unknown at home, and described in strong terms of praise by one child as "like a hospital"; and country appetites are amply satisfied. The treatment cannot, of course, remove all the physical disadvantages of slum life, which are proved to be acute by the fact that the average Ancoats boy of thirteen years is 5½ in. shorter and nearly a stone lighter than the anthropometric standard; but much good is done by an experiment which is conducted on an outlay of only £500 a year, to which the parents of the children contribute half. The blunders of town children in the country have provided many of the comic papers with copy; but, so far as we know, this story is new. The boys were accused of stealing gooseberries. "Please, sir," was the defence, "we didn't steal 'em; we found 'em growing." Not being on a stall or in a shop they were anybody's property!

It was interesting to note in looking over the Tables of Hunts just published that no less than sixty-eight packs of beagles are in the field this season, of which nearly sixty hunt districts in England and Wales. This is a good proof of a healthy love for horse and hound among all classes, and Masters of Foxhounds will do well to encourage its growth by every means in their power, for the man who has been entered to beagles has learnt to study hound work, and when his purse enables him to ride to foxhounds will not ride at them. Practically every follower of the little hounds is a fox-hunter *in posse*, and if at times the line of a fox tempts them from the strict path of duty, yet they will, especially towards the end of the season, compensate for this by driving outlying foxes back to their coverts and teaching them to stay there—by day, at any rate. Near towns, of course, it may be necessary to cap, but further afield there is no better sport for Master and man alike, the only essential being soundness in wind and limb and a determination to "be with them."

Is residence in London conducive to insanity? A distressing answer in the affirmative to this question is given in the report of the Asylums Committee of the London County Council. They tell us that during the last twelve months there has again been an increase in the number of pauper lunatics. If the figures be carefully examined, however, they lose some of their significance. The report directs attention to the large number of paupers who are admitted to the asylum on account of senile decay. If they were not so very poor, "provision would be made for them to spend elsewhere than in a lunatic asylum the few years or months that are left to them." On the other hand, it is to be feared that patients are discharged from the asylums much too quickly. In the words of the report, "The Lunacy Acts make no provision for the detention of patients who are no longer of unsound mind, however great may be the probability of their mental breakdown on their return to the ordinary conditions of life." The result of this is that many who have been confined as lunatics are enabled to marry and become the parents of children who in their turn will increase the numbers of the insane. The examples of this given in the report are too painful for repetition here.

In the arid controversial desert which is known as the Book War it is curious that no one so far has been able to detach himself sufficiently from the immediate issues as to show the effect of all this on literature. A good system of distribution would act like a sieve; that is to say, it would allow the bad and worthless to slip through the interstices to oblivion, while it would retain whatever was good and permanent. The arrangements as they exist might be cynically described as a large organisation for the dissemination of bad books. All the personages concerned, from the literary agent and publisher down to the smallest retailer, make their calculations on the assumption that a successful book will have a short life, but a merry one. If they can sell thousands at the moment, no

concern is felt about the addition or loss to literature, and to tell the truth it is difficult to suggest a practical means of perfecting the sieve. The majority of thoughtful observers are content to believe that we are in the midst of a reaction, and to await the revival that on similar occasions has always followed in the past

Evidently the future of the motor-omnibus in London will be affected to a very large extent by the testing which is to take place before licences are issued. In the course of three years the number of these vehicles running in London has increased from 31 to 756, and two kinds of opinion are constantly being expressed in regard to them. One is that of the passenger, who finds that the self-propelled omnibus offers a swift and easy means of transport. He gives practical evidence of this being his judgment by crowding into the car. On the other hand, foot passengers and residents along the route complain, with no little cause, of the noise, vibration and smell to which their senses are subjected. The police authorities have given notice of their determination to enforce such regulations as will bring these discomforts down to a minimum. But that is putting the companies who own the cars to very great expense. Many of the older structures will either have to be discontinued altogether, or modified so as to comply with the requirements of the police and the public. This carries with it a certain check to the development of a new industry, since it means in effect cutting down the profits of the companies. But the welfare of the general public is a first consideration, and we cannot see that any other course of action was open to the police. The motor-omnibuses must be constructed so as not to destroy the comfort of citizens.

THE EXILES.

(MOUNTAIN FIRS IN THE SOUTH.)

A wind out of the northland blows,
With heather sweet and keen with snows;
It murmurs of the mountain air
And our own brothers standing there.

Clean from the rugged hills they spring,
One to another whispering,
With gaunt, strong heads all bent one way
Under the wind's resistless sway.

Dark under skies with light withdrawn
Or golden in the wash of dawn,
They know no rivals where they stand,
Kings over all the mountain land.

But we, what do we planted here,
Dark through all changes of the year,
With alien trees about us grown
So far from all we name our own?

Unchanged though all about us change,
To us the very birds are strange,
Who hear through all their music still
The curlew calling on the hill.

O, brothers on the northern shore,
Let come what may, we come no more,
Yet when the north wind blows again
Our boles will rock, our branches strain,
There is no solace of our pain!

ROBIN FLOWER.

Even ardent dog-lovers will not find much to which to take exception in the Dogs' Act, 1906, which comes into operation on January 1st next. That a dog when on a highway or place of public resort should have a collar with the name and address of the owner legibly inscribed on it, involves very little change, as most of us have fulfilled the obligation already. A collar has often proved useful to a dog in a fight, and the addition of the name is trifling. Packs of hounds and other dogs used for sporting purposes or for the driving of cattle and sheep are exempt, so are dogs for the capture and destruction of vermin. And we fancy that here will be found the weak spot of the Act, because nearly all lurchers and other poachers' dogs are ostensibly kept for destroying vermin. Even the curfew clause involves very little change. It is not desirable that in the country, where livestock are usually grazing, animals likely to worry or destroy them should be allowed to roam at large, and in town every lover of his dog of his own accord will be glad to see him housed at sunset. Of course, a good deal is left to the administration of the Act by local authorities, and if it were pedantically applied, it is possible that there might be a considerable increase in the work of solicitors.

If the facts were not so melancholy, the history, of a group of Germans who have been trying to live the simple life would stand as an unforgettable object-lesson. They had determined to give up civilisation, and took up their residence on the island

of Kabakon, in the Bismarck Archipelago. Here they began to lead an open-air life, wearing scarcely any dress worthy of the name, eating nuts and other direct produce of the soil, as their arboreal ancestors might have done, and their work was confined to tilling the soil. But the end was disastrous. Two of the colonists, Herr Lutzow and Herr Engelhardt, died from the combined effects of exposure and insufficient diet. A third, Herr

Bettmann, was murdered by natives, and the others seem to have been very glad to escape in safety back to their native Germany. They are entitled to the credit of having taken their convictions seriously, and not simply playing with them as is done in so many cases when the luxuries of the town are carried into the country. But the sober truth is that this return to a state of Nature was in reality an abandonment of the gain of ages.

"YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK."

BY THE EARL OF ALTAMONT.

THE weather had broken. During the last two days ominous heavy clouds had been spreading over the sky.

Snow began to fall one afternoon; it fell all night. In the morning, when I looked out, I saw everything that was level enough to carry snow covered with it. It was my turn for the high ground. With poor hopes of success, and accompanied by the condolences of my fellow-guests, I started immediately after breakfast, hung about like a Christmas tree in a Lovat suit, with glass, luncheon bag, cape, rifle, stick and, finally, a good ash "swutch," to keep my mount going. The night evidently had been very cold; all standing water had been, and still was, frozen. The raw mist was low down on the hills, and seemed to penetrate one's very bones. The deer were low down all the way up the glen; the less chance for me, I thought, because the lowest ground on my beat was 500ft. higher than the lodge, and that is 1,400ft. above sea-level. The grouse also were low down—perched on stones and rocks, instead of being in the heather—with all their feathers on end. In one place the road took me above the river, and, looking down into a pool, whose water was as clear as crystal, I saw a salmon about 3oin. long lying behind a rock. It made me shiver to think how cold he must be. I must confess the whole aspect looked cheerless, and prospect poor. Nor was I much heartened up by the response Geordie gave to the question I asked as soon as I arrived on my beat:

"Well, Geordie, what are we to do?"

"Hech! we can do nothing; we must wait or we wull see af the must wull luft a but. The noo ut's as darrk as midnicht"



THE ALARM GIVEN.

weather, is a regular "pass" for deer, and was our only chance on such a day. When we arrived at the junction, we quitted the path, climbed up a couple of hundred feet or so, to give us a view over the flat of the valley, and, after knocking the snow off the heather with our sticks, squatted down to spy. Before, however, we had time to see anything, the mist closed down and enveloped us. After waiting half-an-hour or so without any improvement, I curled myself up in my cape and went to sleep. When I awoke it was past two and the mist was still about us like a dense veil. For want of something better to do I started luncheon. I had hardly opened the bag when a puff of wind came, and lo! the braes on the opposite side of the valley flashed out so suddenly and apparently so close as to be quite startling. Out came Geordie's glass. I thought his was sufficient, and, as I wanted both my hands for my food, contented myself with using my eyes only while I ate.

For the first mile the valley presented a sheet of the whitest snow, with here and there a few rough boulders. Further on was some broken ground—rocks and stones and peat-hags.

"I have staggs," said Geordie, suddenly, with his glass on the upper end of the valley some mile and a-half away.

I seized it, and could just make out some beasts. The luncheon was hurriedly flung into the bag and we dropped down to lower ground. When out of sight of the deer we struck across the snow-field as quickly as we could, our only object being to reach the broken ground and hide our dark bodies, which stood out with dangerous clearness. No need now to pick our way, for our feet fell softly on the deep snow. Very different was it only three days before on

this very beat. Then I had carelessly scratched a stone with the nails of one of my boots. Geordie stopped, turned round, and pretending that he thought the noise was made by one of the gillies, said to them severely, "Ye'll notice where ye put yer fit—the ground is some dry." With the usual courtesy of the Highlander, they did not deny the charge, accepted the rebuke, and we all marched on in silence, I feeling rather mean in not having owned up.



THE TRAMP HOME.

—a graphic way of describing that, though it was 10.30 a.m. and the broadest daylight, he was unable to spy.

We waited a "but"—an hour or so—by which time it was sufficiently clear to enable us to look into some of the corries; but the snow on all the high ground was too deep; so, in the hopes of finding some travelling staggs, we decided to walk up the path some three miles or so, to a place where a narrow, deep valley—almost a gorge—cut across the main glen. This, in fine



MORE THAN CONTENT.

But to return. When about halfway across the snow-field Geordie suddenly pulled out his glass, three rapid clicks, an equally rapid glance, and down he dropped flat on the snow, we, of course, immediately following suit.

"We are caught," said Geordie; "uf we move they wull puck us up."

He gave me the rifle, which I loaded under cover of his body, and presently I saw two stags walking towards us about half a mile away, just leaving the broken ground and emerging on to the snow. They had not seen us. They came to within a quarter of a mile, then the leader turned half-left and began to go aslant up the brae.

"They wull be going till Abernethy," said Geordie.

They continued to ascend slowly and steadily without any hesitation.

"Tak' the furrst uf he'll stopp," whispered Geordie.

I wriggled my cape in front of me to act as a rest, flicked off the leather muzzle protector, turned over the safety bolt and waited. Stop he did, and lowered his head as if to look for food.

"Now," whispered Geordie. I pulled. To my astonishment, for he was a good 200yds. away, he dropped in his tracks and never stirred; so still lay he that the other, who was about 20yds. behind, after the first start at the report of the rifle, seeing that his companion did not move, stood his ground.

"Tak' the other," said Geordie. "He's worth a shott."

I shifted my rifle, took a quick sight and pulled. The snow, grass and soil on the bank behind him flew up like a fountain. I had missed! He did not give me another chance, but went off "till Abernethy" as hard as he could. Geordie, without a word, picked up my rifle and stalked off to the dead stag. While I was getting up I said, looking after the retreating beast, "What a pity I missed him"; whereupon one of the gillies, who had "varra luttie English," said, slowly and with great solemnity, "Yes, Lorr! ut wass a peety!"

It was more by good luck than by skill that I had been successful, for I found that my bullet had hit him in the neck just in front of the shoulder, which accounted for his not moving when he fell. While the men were doing the needful we put our glasses on to the place where the deer we had spied had been, to see if they were disturbed by the shots. No; they had evidently neither heard nor seen anything. We hurried down to the bottom of the valley, having, I am afraid, performed the necessary operations in rather a perfunctory manner, made our way as quickly as we could across the rest of the tell-tale snow-field, wormed our way up over the broken ground, wriggling between stones and through a dirty mixture of peat and snow, until we arrived at a spot which we knew must be about 200yds. from where the deer had been. Motioning to the men to sit down, Geordie and I crawled up to a couple of rocks and craned our heads round them as close to the ground

as we could. Yes; there they were, but owing to the patchy ground they were, as Geordie said, "Ull to puck up." After much peering this way and that I made out five stags; all but one, a small knobber, were lying down. One I could see had a good head and looked like a fine stag. We could not go any nearer, so there was nothing for it but to wait till they chose to rise.

"I'm afeerd the shott wull be some wide," said Geordie.

As I was to make the shot I felt it quite probable that it might easily be very wide, but, nevertheless, got the rifle ready, buttoned up my coat, turned the collar up, put my hands into warm gloves and settled myself down for a long lie on the cold ground, fervently hoping that the spirit would move them shortly to be stirring. The knobber was nearest to us, and, perhaps thinking of the two stags who had left the rest, kept alternately looking down the glen and then at his companions, as if uncertain what to do. For the best part of half-an-hour that little brute, as I called him twenty times, stood there, while we lay shivering. At

last, making up his mind to follow his friends, he started off at a steady walk towards us. Cursing him, we flattened ourselves out, and hoped against hope that he would change that mind; but no, he marched on quite confidently and unconcernedly straight at us, till he arrived within 10yds. Then he stopped short; up went his head. As plainly as if he spoke out, we could see him wonder what on earth those extraordinary objects—those strange beasts—were in his path. For five minutes, which seemed like five hours, he stared. Then he stamped once—twice—to see if we would move. Another five minutes. Not satisfied, he turned sideways, and on the tips of his toes, so to speak, with that peculiar action which denotes intense suspicion not quite confirmed, walked very slowly round, keeping one eye on us all the time, to get our wind! The high—almost prancing—action of all four legs, though only at a walk, the alert look in the large, liquid eye, the tense expression, the distended nostrils—all combined to make him one of the most beautiful sights I had ever seen, and only a few minutes ago I had cursed him and called him a little brute! As he walked round us, something—it may have been our to him ungainly shapes, or the movement of our breathing, or, as Geordie afterwards put it, "He wuss seeing the reek of our boddies" in the cold, frosty air—caught his eye. He gave such a start that almost made me start also. His coat seemed to stand on end as he stood, quivering, with one foot in the air.

"Now he's off," I thought. No. Still not satisfied—the inexperience of youth, perhaps, leading him on—he continued his round, stopping every few paces to turn his head and to look full at us, until he got behind us. Then he "felt a puff of our wund." After that there was no hesitation. The awful smell of human beings! and there were four of us! The certainty of danger seemed to hit him like a bullet. He turned round and fled back at full gallop towards his lately-deserted companions.

"He'll spoil us," said Geordie.



UNLOADING.

As soon as the knobber started galloping, all the other stags, who, till now, had taken but a languid interest, if any, in his movements, jumped on to their feet. Thinking only of the awful things he had left behind him, the knobber made, I am sure quite unconsciously, towards the big stag, who happened to be nearest. This was too much for the latter's dignity. To be deliberately charged by a youngster like that, with two little knobs only on his head, was not to be borne for a moment; so, with a roar of indignation, he came full tilt at the pretentious upstart. Our poor little knobber, by the time he had gone 5 yds., realised that he was between two fires. He knew he could not face a stag twice his age, experience and, above all, weight. He certainly did not mean to face again the horrors upon which he had only just turned his back. He stopped with a jerk, hesitated a moment, turned at right angles, and sped up

the brae, whither he neither knew nor cared. Seeing him turn tail, the big stag pulled up, stood roaring abusive epithets at the disturber of his ease, and, incidentally, gave me his broadside at about 150 yds. I had the luck of most things that day and hit him in the right place. He galloped towards us down the slope for 30 yds. or 40 yds., pitched headlong, rolled over on to his back, and, after a few convulsive kicks, lay still. The shot, the galloping about, and the general disturbance sent all the others off without giving me another chance, but with two such stags on such a day I was more than content.

As I tramped home in the fading light I thought over, as I generally do, the principal episodes of the day. What I remembered most vividly then, and what still clings most in my memory now, is the beauty of that little knobber as he walked round us.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MR. HENRY NEWBOLT'S new work, *The Old County* (Smith, Elder), has exceptional claims to attention. The author's most effective appeal has hitherto lain in his verses and the passionate love of England with which they are charged. Here the old inspiration has been at work once more, and it has led him to try a most fascinating experiment. Carlyle in one of his essays says of the wishing carpet (he who sits on it can be transported anywhere at his wish) that it would have allured him more had it possessed the power to take him to "anywhere." He looked upon Time as a sphere that had its own geography. What has been is. The early Britons and the Saxons, the Romans and Danes, the Plantagenet and Tudor kings, having once lived, live for ever. By virtue of his imagination Mr. Newbolt has seized upon a wishing carpet on which he can carry his characters backward and forward through time. This mystical idea is one pillar on which this romance is supported. It has a second and more practical foundation. Mr. Newbolt holds that the life and motives of our ancestors have been travestied by history, and he brings upon the stage a hero afflicted with the common delusions. Here on his magical carpet he takes us back to the England of 1356, and shows that he is more struck

by the points of similarity between the thought of the fourteenth and twentieth centuries, than by the external and trivial differences which counted for so much in the books from which his knowledge of the past was derived.

Such is the conception of the work. To carry it out it was necessary to discover appropriate scenery and figures. A place called Gardenleigh is chosen to meet the former of these conditions. It would appear to be partly described from Nature. The essential point about it is that it has harboured twenty-seven generations of squires, and is therefore a well-spring of English tradition. Out of its gates went men to fight at Crecy and Poitiers, at Sebastopol and at Waterloo. Externally it is thus described:

She stepped into such a flood of light that she hesitated for a moment, like a bather on the shore of a wide sea, then went slowly down the broad flight of stone steps, with head still bent to avoid the glare, passed between the squat round shadows of the clipped laurels, and on to the bay in which the sundial stands, at the lower edge of the terrace. Before her, down the southern slope, lay the lake, a sheet of smoothest gold among the gold green trees, the western end of it enamelled all over with a million water-lilies, white with golden hearts. On the further side rose the steep face of the down, streaked with long deep shadows of elms and chestnuts. To the right, beyond the water-lilies and beneath the sunset, lay the two smaller lakes, the nearer one with the tiny grey church on its solitary island; and opposite the church, on the far shore under the hill, was the empty green shelf on which the old house once stood, at the foot of an avenue that arched right up the slope and crossed the down towards Selwood.

At the opening of the story Aubrey Earnshaw is awaiting there the arrival on a visit of her lover Stephen Bulmer. The distinction between them is clear and strong. To her the past of England is as dear as the present. She is what generations of English men and women have flowered into, and tradition, history, old associations have found her mind plastic stuff to work on. Stephen, English born, but Colonial bred, is heedless, almost contemptuous, of the past, lives in the present, and his energetic spirit strains at the future like a hound on a leash.

He was returning to England eager to take his place among the ardent, the advanced, the adventurous; no politician, but a student, as he loved to say, of the history of the Future.

It would be a fruitful idea for any novelist to bring a capable and thoughtful man from the bustling and strenuous life of the Colonies and set him down on an English manor, where the tranquil comfort is gained by means that elude mere wealth; but the situation in Mr. Newbolt's hands yields more than that.

Stephen Bulmer is richly endowed with both intellect and feeling. He has the greatest possible inducement to enter sympathetically into the new life. No praise can do full justice to the delicacy of the workmanship in these scenes where new light breaks gradually on the hero. *Ex oribus parvulorum*. The following is a pretty example of the method adopted. It refers to the beautiful child of a fellow-guest:

"Do you think," she asked, with a great effort, "that you could know something for me?"

"Tell me what it is," He put an arm about her and drew her to him.

"When shall we all wake up?"

Stephen did not understand. "Are we asleep?" he asked.

"Yes, you know, we are all asleep, and we've all got to wake up some day—mother and George and grandpapa and every one. Do you think we could all wake up together?"

Stephen felt the slow, clear words falling like magic drops upon the eyes of a dreamer. For a moment he saw the vision of a timeless existence, a life without age or separation, a world where none can be forgotten. Tears sprang to his eyes, and he rose quickly to his feet, holding out a hand to the child.

The magic carpet that eventually translates Stephen back to the fourteenth century is one of those delicate products of the mind which refuse to be described in the cold and precise terms of ordinary language. Sufficient is it to tell the reader that at Chapter XX., with over 200 pages still in front, before he finds Stephen taking a part in a mediæval tale. Said a quiet cordial voice, "Here you are at last after all these years," and thereupon he is merged in a mediæval household. Mr. Newbolt's intimate knowledge of the part enables him to fill his stage with authentic fourteenth-century figures. The hero, though he talks as one of these, does not lose his modern identity, as the calculated slip in the following extract will show. He is discussing the future of England with Aubrey and the Bishop:

"Well," she continued, "perhaps that may take longer than I think; but do not tell me that I am wrong about the growth of the Church Militant. Surely we can see that beginning even now. As men and nations rise, they must more and more leave trade for chivalry."

"What do you say to that, Stephen?" asked Sir Henry.

"If you ask me," he replied, "I foresee that, however much fighting there may be in the future, there will be still more trading."

"I won't believe that," said Aubrey. "We can't be a nation of knights and a nation of shopkeepers at the same time."

"So Napoleon thought," cried Stephen; "but he found out his mistake."

He had hardly said the words when he recognised that they were absurd; but his companions did not appear to find them so. It seemed rather that they had not heard what he said, for no one made any comment, and the Bishop's next remark was in reply to Aubrey.

"The school of chivalry," he said, "is a fine one; but it can never be of more than secondary importance. The secular power must always be subordinate to the spiritual, to which alone authority belongs."

The introduction of Napoleon's name serves as a forcible and effective reminder that the centuries have been blended together. Mr. Newbolt scarcely tries to portray character by action, but his power of description makes amends for this omission. As an illustration take the following word portrait of the Master of Gardenleigh and his dame:

The first to greet Stephen was Lady Marland. She was singularly bright-eyed, and her voice had a high singing resonance like that of a bird. The delicate proportions of her small figure and the quickness of her movements added to the resemblance. She looked, as Edmund had said, wonderfully young and active, by contrast with her husband, who wore a black velvet skull cap over his silver hair, and rose from his seat slowly and with some difficulty. His face was thin and worn, but it was not melancholy; the white eyebrows were habitually arched with an expression of almost humorous resignation, as of one who, after heavy losses, could still protest that life was giving him more than a useless old fellow had any right to claim.

Safely we may leave the mediæval tale itself to the discovery of the reader. Mr. Newbolt's manner of telling reminds us a little of Walter Pater. His work is instinct with knowledge and love of England.

A SPECTRAL UNIVERSE.

FAR away, floating in the immeasurable depths of infinite space, gleams a tiny patch of luminosity. To the naked eye it looks like a hazy star, and is visible in this country from September to January on clear nights. Astronomers call it the Great Nebula in Andromeda. It is really the immense spirit of a yet unborn universe, whose story of creation has only reached the first chapter, and cannot be concluded for countless centuries. There are, of course, other nebulae in the sky in various stages of evolution; but they are mostly mere tangled masses of glowing gas, shapeless and inert, as yet untouched by the vitalising power of motion which is essential in order that their dead matter may be converted into living worlds.

Immanuel Kant, the great German philosopher, was the first to guess the wonderful process that preceded the foundation of solar systems; but it was reserved for the celebrated French mathematician and astronomer, Laplace, to formulate definitely Kant's now famous nebular hypothesis. This supposed that the sun and all the planets, with their retinues of satellites, originally existed as a huge globe of fiery vapour, which, having acquired a slow rotary motion, gradually assumed the form of a gigantic whirlpool. As time went on, the vast rings of tenuous matter so

created gradually condensed unevenly here and there, each patch becoming a centre of attraction, drawing more and more material around it, the largest, of course, remaining approximately in the middle. In this way the central mass became the sun, and the smaller condensations resolved themselves into the planets. So daring did such a theory of celestial evolution seem, even to Laplace, accustomed as he was to stupendous speculations, that he hesitated to put it forward seriously. There was, however, no need for doubt. Visual demonstration was not long delayed, for about the middle of last century Lord Rosse, with his huge telescope at Parsonstown in Ireland, discovered the first of the so-called Spiral Nebulae, and soon afterwards Sir William Huggins announced their gaseous character. Even then, however, their extraordinary nature was not fully realised, and it was only a short time ago that photography, supporting the joint testimony of the telescope and spectroscopic, conclusively proved the correctness of Laplace's theory, and, at the same time, made clear the cryptic scriptural statement that in the beginning "the earth was without form and void."

An examination of the remarkable photograph here reproduced—the latest triumph of astronomical photography—will illustrate the way in which a universe is formed. The central sun, it will be observed, is already nearly fashioned, and here and there along the extensive loops the sites of future planets can be located. Notwithstanding that the immense distance of this object defies all attempts at accurate measurement, calculations go to show that it must be of enormous proportions, and many times greater in extent than our solar system. Its spiral form can be traced, and in part the luminous

ous rings are sufficiently transparent to show stars shining beyond, as through a veil. Curiously enough, although it is apparently still of a filmy nature, the spectroscopic declares the gaseous period to have been passed. Probably the fluid state has been reached, and even now the outermost sections may have condensed into minute stellar points constituting a galaxy similar to the Milky Way, thus indicating the close of that metaphorical period "the evening and the morning were the first day."

The Great Nebula in Andromeda may easily be seen through a binocular when its approximate position is known, and this can be ascertained by means of the accompanying chart. Even in a small telescope the nebula is a fine object, though, of course, a very large instrument is needed to show it well. Needless to say, viewed from the earth it appears somewhat on edge, but, if we could directly face it, it would seem almost circular.

Though, as already indicated, the distance of this nebula can only be guessed, its dimensions must certainly be enormous. Even if it be regarded as lying no farther off than just beyond the measuring power of the most refined instruments, its apparent size implies a diameter of such vastness that light—which travels at the rate of 185,000 miles a second, and could cross our solar system in a little over four hours—would require more than five years to pass from one end of it to the other. Its distance and real size are, however, probably much greater than we have surmised. Our sun, removed even to the minimum remoteness suggested, would cease to be visible, except through a powerful telescope. And this is only one of the many marvels of the heavens.

NORMAN LATTEY.



THE GREAT NEBULA IN THE CONSTELLATION ANDROMEDA.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.



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THE GATE INTO THE PRESIDENT'S GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

MAGDALEN COLLEGE is neither one of the oldest nor one of the youngest of Oxford colleges. "So venerable, so lovely, . . . steeped in sentiment, . . . spreading her gardens to the moonlight, . . . whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age." It is true that to no Oxford college does this charming prose-poetry by Oxford's own poet seem more exactly to apply. Yet in point of fact Magdalen is only just mediæval. Founded in the stormily gorgeous sunset of the Middle Age, she grew to her first strength amid the dazzling hopes and many-coloured enthusiasms of the English Renaissance and the dawning English Reformation. She is the mother of Corpus College, and of Christ Church, but of New College she is herself the daughter.

Pass from the sombre, shadowed sward, the solitary ambulatory, and silent burying-ground of the monastic cloister of New College to the domestic cloister of Magdalen, of which not only the chapel but the hall and many dwelling-rooms form part, and you feel at once the difference between the days and thoughts of William of Wykeham and those of William of Waynflete. Yet the instinctive idea that Magdalen must be older than this is well grounded. Embedded in her structure, lying

behind and underneath her later life, are the remains of a much earlier institution, of a foundation more ancient than New College, nay, than any college in Oxford, the Hospital of St. John Baptist.

The spacious and happy site of Magdalen, "outside the walls," with its gardens and meadows moated by the gliding Cherwell, belonged for some two centuries and a-half before the college was founded to this truly mediæval institution.

The visitor who, turning into the college from the High Street, will pause and look round and ponder a little before proceeding further, may read, if he knows how, the whole history of the college proper in epitome. The very ground on which he stands may tell it him. He is in St. John's Quadrangle. The buildings which separate him from the street contain portions of the old hospital, and are "signed," as he may have noted

before entering, by a quaint effigy on their gable end of the saint's head in a charger. The "Open-air" pulpit, so deftly and daintily inserted in the corner, shown in the first of our large views, is used once a year for the sermon upon St. John Baptist's Day. In old times the quadrangle was strewn and the buildings stuck about with "green bowes" to represent the wilderness by the banks of Jordan. The beautiful west gate of the chapel records the story of the college yet more fully.



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MAGDALEN TOWER AND CLOISTERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

What are the five figures which occupy the niches worked with such graceful skill into its battlements? In the centre, of course, is St. Mary Magdalen. At the two ends are St. John the Baptist and the kneeling figure of the founder himself. Between are a bishop and a king. The bishop perhaps St. Swithin, perhaps William of Wykeham, the king either Henry VI. or Edward IV. Both of the spandrel shields bear lilies, the dexter the Royal fleurs-de-lys of France and England, the sinister the lilies of the Virgin, which the founder brought from Eton, combined with the lozenges, sable and ermine, of his own family coat. But who and what was the founder? Information is scant. His name was William Patten, and he came from Wainfleet, the little town and haven on the Wash, where Tennyson's "Brook," rising in the wolds of Lincolnshire, "a rivulet then a river," flows into the sea. He appears first as Head-master of Winchester College, then transferred by his friend and patron its founder, King Henry VI., to be the first Head-master and second Provost of his own college, of St. Mary of Eton, later as Bishop of Winchester and Lord High Chancellor of England. Let the visitor follow the façade of the college proper, shown in our second and third views, a little further. Beyond the chapel is the chapel-porch, and over it the Muniment Tower of the college, then the practice-room and vestry of the choir, then the Founder's Tower, with the great main gate and entrance to the cloister. Over this gate appear again, but in grander presentment, St. Mary Magdalen and St. John Baptist, the kneeling founder, and his king also kneeling. In this tower, according to the old Oxford usage, were the apartments of the head of the college. The president's "lodgings" were originally an extension thrown out from these. The present "Lodgings," rebuilt by Messrs. Bodley and Garner in 1886-88, form the latest portion of the college. Beyond them we go back, with the sharp contrast Oxford loves, to one of the earliest, the romantic little Grammar Hall, with the picturesque crockets, and battlements, and diaper-work of its daintily louvred belfry. This building, which Ruskin called the most beautiful in Oxford, is a relic, as its composite name recalls at once, of the Magdalen Grammar School and of Magdalen Hall.

For Magdalen College, like Rome, was not built in a day. The first Magdalen Hall was founded, not on this site, but near University College, in 1447. Ten years later, in 1457, Waynflete obtained the charter for his college. But the Wars of the Roses delayed many an enterprise. Yet another ten years elapsed before

he could begin to rear stone on stone. His college, as we said, lay outside the city fortifications. His first care was to fence it with a wall of its own, the wall still to be seen running round the Deer Park or "Grove."

And lest unruly ruffian might offend.
Their studious minds, he hath encompassed round
The college with a wall which might defend
His scholars both from fear of any wound,
And make resistance 'gainst an army's might.

This indeed it may be said to have done in the troubled days of Edward VI. and of Charles I.

The chapel was the first part of the college built, its foundation-stone being laid on May 5th, 1473. Then followed the hall and cloisters, which were finished about 1480. It was in this same year that the Grammar School was founded, as a place of preparatory grounding for the students of the college and university, and the second Magdalen Hall somehow grew up in conjunction with it.

We may now take the visitor into the college, noting perhaps before we leave St. John's Quadrangle that the great west window has obviously been altered, the "lights" being enlarged to receive a coloured window of special design. This was done just before the Civil War, peace and prosperity proving, as has so often been the case, hardly less dangerous to old buildings than even war and revolution. These, however, had already done their work in the chapel. The only relic of the original chapel glass will be found in a few fragments in the north window of the chapel porch. The windows in the chapel are the gift of the first Lord Selborne and form a completion to the restoration and redecoration begun by the college about 1828. The chief architectural merit of the chapel of to-day lies in the general arrangement, following that of New College and All Souls', and the proportion is still beautiful, though somewhat marred by the height of Cottingham's stalls, and the unpleasing pitch of Wyatt's plaster ceiling. The celebrated music, brought to such perfection by the organists of the last and present century, and especially by the notable trio, Sir John Stainer, Sir Walter Parratt, and Dr. Roberts, cannot be presented pictorially. Here at least "things heard are mightier than things seen," as they will say who, attending the service beneath

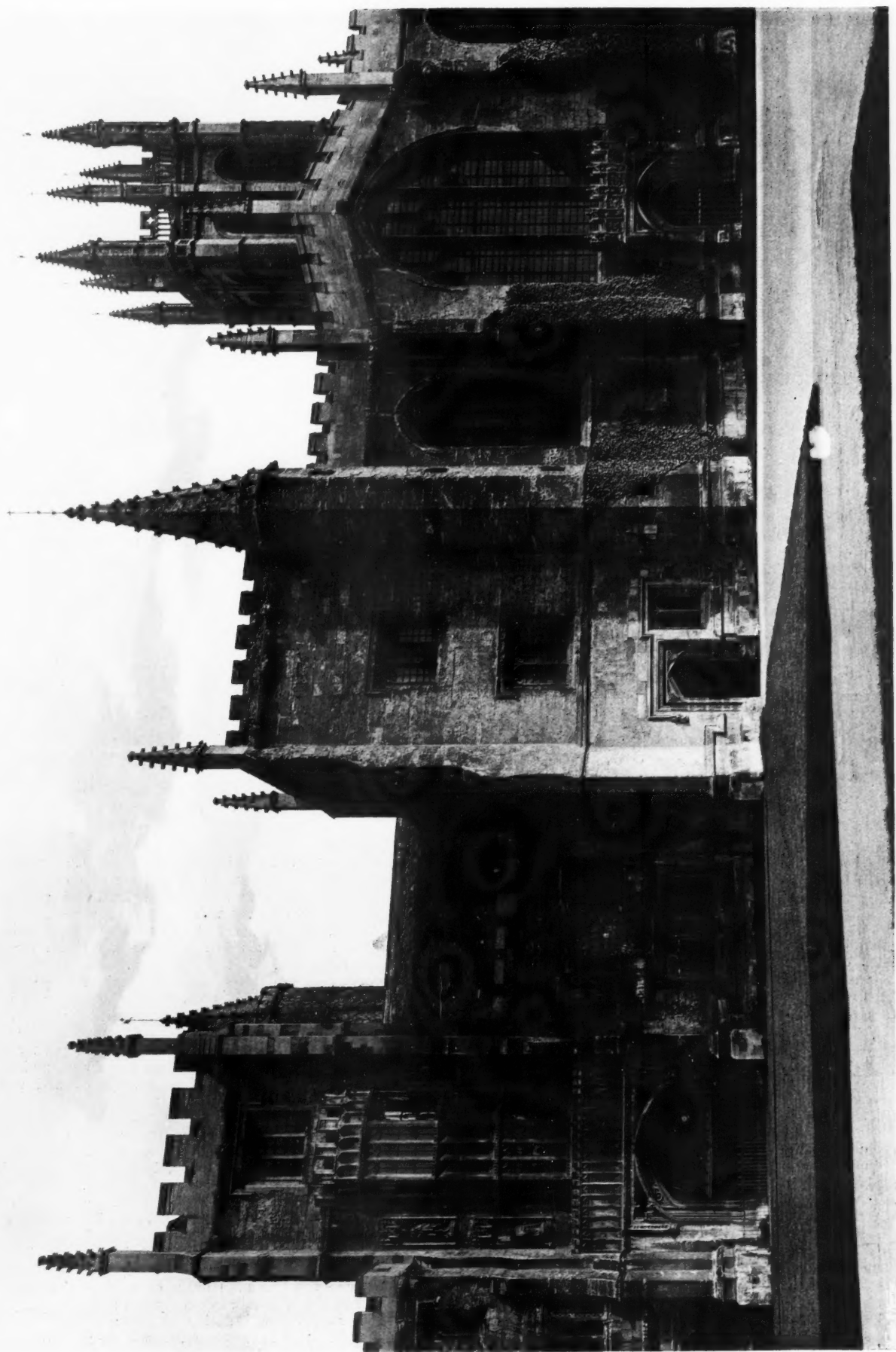
. . . the high embowèd roof
With antique pillars massy proof,



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THE WEST DOOR OF THE CHAPEL AND THE STONE PULPIT.

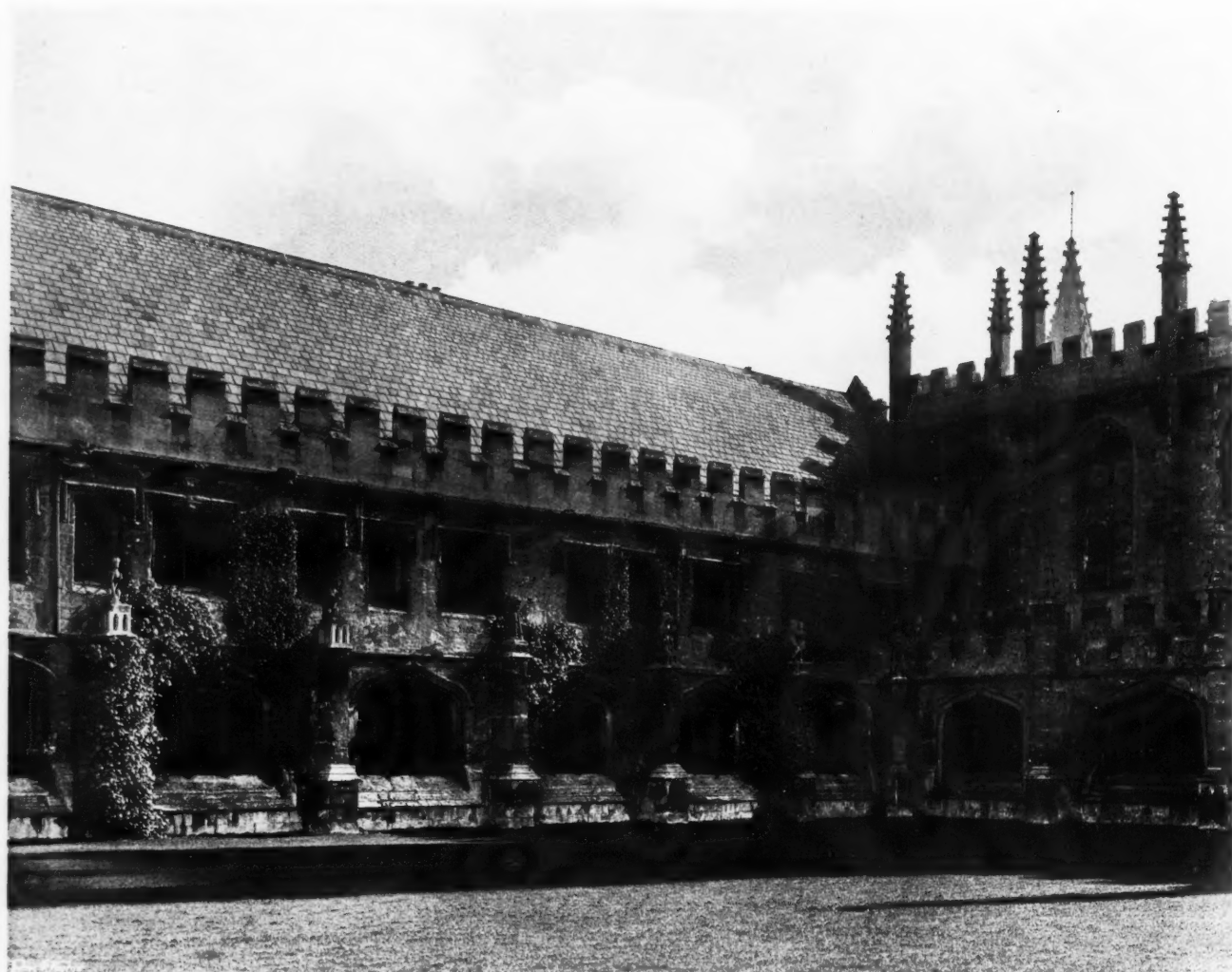
"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

WESTERN FACADE OF THE COLLEGE FROM ST. JOHN'S QUADRANGLE.

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THE CLOISTERS: VIRTUES AND VICES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

hear, as Milton doubtless often may have done, coming in from Holton or Forest Hill

. . . the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,

or who, perhaps, only linger outside on a glorious summer day when all the windows are open, and listen while the sweet notes, as a later Miltonic poet sings,

. . . into the stony shade
Fly following and to fade.

Very different is the case with the cloister quadrangle itself. Let the visitor on the summer's day turn into this "garden enclosed" and, walking across the "smooth and shaven lawn," take his stand near the north-east corner. Here he is in the very heart of the original Magdalen, and can see it all in one view. In front lie the range of the chapel, which he has just seen, and the hall, whither we will conduct him anon. Behind stands up pillar-like the celebrated and singularly graceful "Great" or "Bell" Tower. It is sometimes attributed to Wolsey. It is worthy of him or of any architect, but is pretty certainly not his work. It was finished in the early years of the sixteenth century. It is on the top of this tower that the well-known "May Morning" singing takes place. Many myths are current about it, one in particular that it was a mass sung for the soul of Henry VII. This is absolutely without foundation, excepting that the singing may date from the completion of the tower itself, which took place just about the date of Henry's death. But New College seems once to have had a very similar practice, and the Magdalen singing is probably only a special instance of a custom of celebrating May Day common, at any rate, in the county, and of which there are still some other survivals. Various notices, especially the well-known one of Anthony Wood, show that it went on down the centuries, though apparently in somewhat different forms at different times.

What is certain is that it was regulated and brought to its present order about 1843, by Dr. Bloxam, who also invented its winter pendant, the Carol Singing in Hall on Christmas Eve. Mr. Holman Hunt's beautiful painting of the May Day scene is symbolic and ideal rather than realistic. The Great Tower has served for other purposes less peaceful and less hallowed. In

the Civil War, when the city and the college were in a state of siege, King Charles ascended it to watch thence the operations of his foes.

But to return to the cloister quadrangle. The figures which stand sentinel round it are some Biblical, some academic, some symbolic: Moses and Goliath, Jacob Wrestling with the Angel, the Doctor of Medicine with His Flask, Luxury, Sloth, etc. The horselike animal who carries a smaller creature on his back presents, it is said, the good tutor conveying his pupil over the difficulties of learning. These figures were at one time coloured. Moses, in particular, had a coat of sky blue, in which it is said he looked so life-like that a rustic went up and, uncovering with a low reverence, asked him the way.

From the cloister it is convenient to pass into the hall. The wooden roof is new, having been erected by Mr. G. F. Bodley, R.A., in 1902; but already it looks older, because more appropriate, than that which occupied its place for a little more than a century, Wyatt's vaulted plaster ceiling. The beautiful window shown above the screen and gallery in our view of the eastern end was reopened and restored at the same time.

The screen itself probably dates from the reign of James I. That poetic, if pedantic, monarch visited the college and called it the most absolute building in Oxford. His eldest son, Prince Henry, of mournful memory, dined in Hall with the Demies and drank to their health and they to his. His portrait, a fine one, hangs on the northern wall. Opposite is that of his kinsman, the champion of his house, Prince Rupert, by Michael Wright.

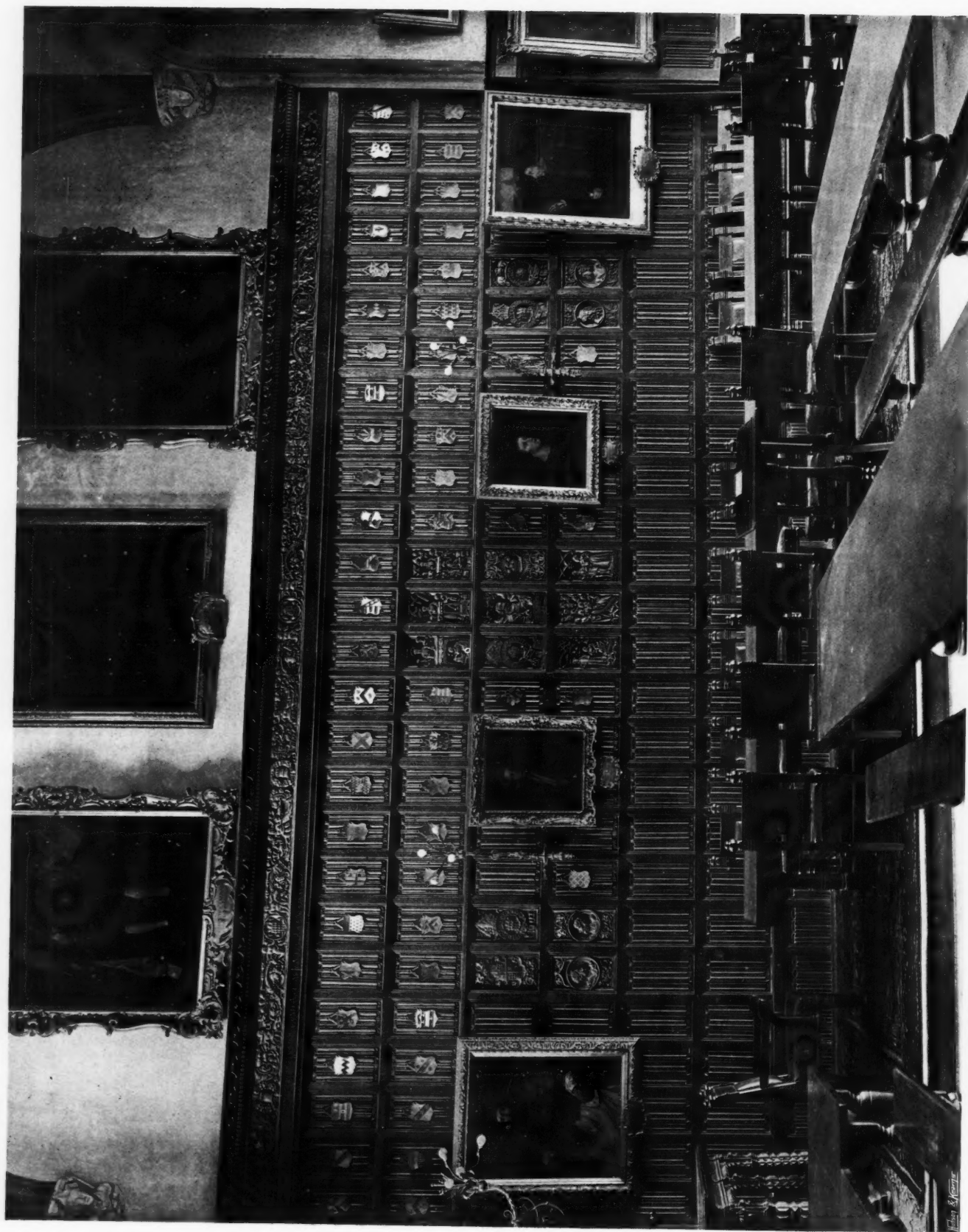
On the screen itself is placed St. Mary Magdalen between the austere lineaments of Bishop Foxe, the Founder of Corpus, and the handsome but mutinous mien of Dr. Sacheverell. The panelling of the hall, especially that behind the high table, shown in our other view, is said to have come from the dissolved Reading Abbey. Full in the centre, such is the irony of history, is set the effigy of Henry VIII., who hanged the last abbot, as he did his brother of Glastonbury. At either end may be seen the portraits of two protagonists of those fatal years: Cardinal Wolsey, the grandest of Magdalen's *alumni*, yet the son, like Shakespeare, of a grazing butcher in a country town, born, as Aubrey says—and he looks it—"when Taurus was in the ascendant," and Cardinal



"COUNTRY LIFE."

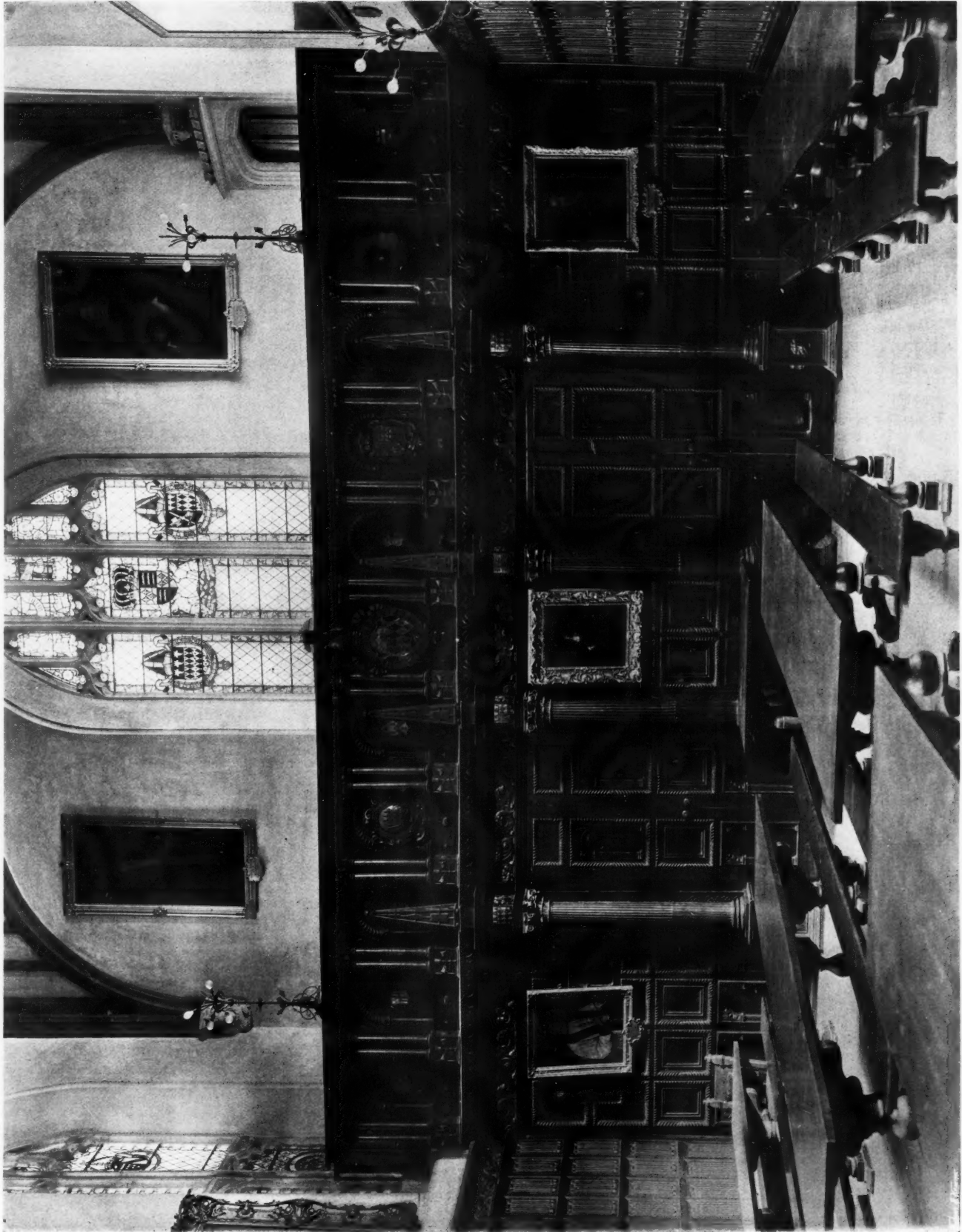
THE FOUNDER'S TOWER AND MAIN ENTRANCE.

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COUNTRY LIFE.

THE HALL: WESTERN END



THE HALL: EASTERN END, GALLERY AND SCREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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Pole, the courtly cousin of kings and queens; Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School and in a sense the originator of Greek learning in all English schools; and Addison, the Magdalen man *par excellence*.

Other portraits of note are, on the north side, Hough and Horne, Presidents and afterwards Prelates; on the south, President Routh—"cujus vita sæclum fama sæculorum," the first Lord Selborne by Oules, and near the oriel window Sir John Burdon-Sanderson. In the window itself should be remarked the portraits on the glass of King Charles and his Consort Queen Henrietta, the latter bearing the date 1633. If they were placed there in that year they must have looked down on that spring evening when Fairfax and the grim Cromwell himself came to dine with the President of their creation, and after enjoying his British hospitality, "good fare, bad speeches," went out to play at bowls on the college bowling green and made one of the fellows a Bachelor of Divinity there on the greensward. But perhaps the portraits were at that time in the windows of the Lodgings or Election Chamber.

Leaving the hall we turn to the right, and enter the kitchen—the ancient chimney breasts and timbering of the roof show it as older than the college; a nun's head in stone over one of the doorways marks its connection with the old Hospital of St. John and its sisters—and then pass out to the right into the open, and find ourselves at the little bridge which leads to the Water Walks, those "Water Walks delectable as the banks of Eurotas, which were shaded with bay trees, and where Apollo himself was wont to walk and sing his lays." So writes, borrowing without acknowledgment, sly knave, from an earlier Magdalen author, the old Oxford antiquary, Anthony Wood. It is worth continuing the quotation. "And of the Rivers here that pleasantly and with a murmuring noise wind and turn, may in a manner be spoken that which the people of Angoulesme in France were wont to say of their river Toure, that it is covered over and chequered with swans, paved and floured with troutes and hemmed and bordured with crevisses."

The crayfish have gone some thirty years since, and the trout have given place to coarse fish, but a pair of swans, "black but comely," have made their appearance, the steel-blue swallow swoops up and down the stream, and bluer still, the kingfisher may be seen at moments darting by beneath the "barren" or the leafy bush, while the woodpecker, the wood-pigeon, wrens, tits, robins, and many another bird fill the bosky avenues with their melodies.

Further on is a straight and level vista where the gentle ghost of Addison himself still seems to haunt the green alley he loved in life; where he discoursed poetry with his "chum"



Copyright

THE PRESIDENT'S GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Sacheverell, or meditated perhaps his own version of his favourite Psalm

Where peaceful rivers soft and slow
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

At the upper bridge, just before turning round into Addison's walk, the visitor will probably pause and

lean to hear
The milldam rushing down with noise,
And see the minnows everywhere
In crystal eddies glance and poise.

The rest of the quotation is also not inapt, including the chestnuts hanging at the due moment of the year "in masses thick with milky cones."

Beneath them is the gate which gives on the Deer Park, "Maudlin's learned Grove," as Pope in paraphrase of Horace happily called it. The dappled deer couch on the grass, or flicker in and out amid the great, heavy, slumbrous elms, or, when the undergraduates are there to feed them, approach with timid boldness the windows of the "New Buildings," as they are still called. New they were when Gibbon, a precocious lad of fifteen, spoilt by the velvet cap of liberty and the too liberal allowance of a Gentleman Commoner, brought to them his "stock of learning which might have puzzled a doctor, and of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed." They were erected about 1730, after designs by a somewhat amateur architect, Edward Holdsworth, a classical scholar, and a member of the college, who had made the Grand Tour and imbibed a taste for Palladio. Of

his taste he had the courage. He wanted to pull down all, or almost all, of the old buildings of the college and rebuild in this style, keeping a portion only as the fine gentleman of his day kept ruins in his park. His plans for this project, and the designs for making an "artificial water" in the meadow *à la* "Capability Brown," are still to be seen in the library, as are also the founder's buskins and a fragment of an ecclesiastical vestment worn by him. His mitre and staff which once she possessed, Magdalen, less careful or cautious than New College, has lost.

And so we bid adieu to the fair college of which we have now made the circuit, and pass out again into the everyday world. But before leaving its neighbourhood altogether we would counsel the visitor, if he has yet a few moments, to cross the High Street and step into the old-world "Physic" Garden, one of the oldest in Europe, and looking back remark the felicitous grouping of the Great Tower and the gateway, or to stroll on to Magdalen Bridge and thence enjoy that famous view of Oxford which, says Sir Walter Scott in his Journal, "I used to think one of the most beautiful in the world." T. HERBERT WARREN.



Copyright

THE GRAMMAR HALL.

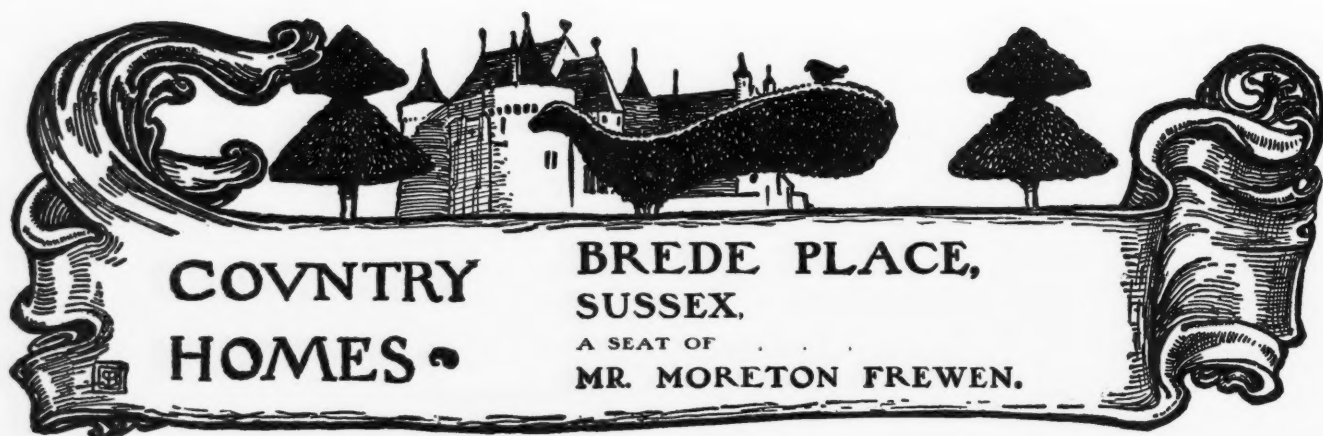
"COUNTRY LIFE."



W. Rawlings.

CHILL OCTOBER.

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BREDE lies inland from the town of Winchelsea by five miles of sand wastes, a desolate house. The old port is a place of memories of ships which have sailed away, and of quays whose merchants all lie lapped in lead, but Brede is clean forgotten. A merry house in days when the rich Oxenbridges feasted Winchelsea jurats and sea-captains in the great chamber at Brede, it has come to utter loneliness, and the wild birds know Brede for a safe harbour. A mile from the house in Great Sowden Wood is that rare sight, a heronry, and here thirty years ago were 300 nesting herons. Marsh-meadows marked out with dykes run to the edge of the slow water of the Brede River, and here the plover and the redshank have their home.

The few houses of Brede village had once an industry among them, for Brede was on the edge of the Sussex forest, and at Little Udimore, a hamlet surrounded by Brede parish, Laurence Lenard, a Sussex ironfounder, was tenant of a furnace as early as 1605. In the Lewes Museum is a memorial of the industrial age of Brede, for there on an iron fireback, hammer

in hand, his legs straddled apart, we see, RICHARD LENARD FOUNDER AT BREDE FURNIS. 1636. To his right is a furnace, and about him are his three silver cups, his trade mark, his barrow and tools, while at his left hand leaps his little dog. The ironworks closed in 1766, and the powder mills which succeeded them in 1825, when the buildings were pulled down, and Brede saw the last of its village industries.

The house foundations of Brede Place are of such masonry that a strong-walled dwelling must have been here centuries since. Brede was a vast manor with members in eleven parishes, and its place at the back of Winchelsea, Rye and Hastings made it a rich morsel for the monks of Fécamp, who had it of Edward the Confessor, an English king whose heart was ever yearning towards Heaven or Normandy, but Brede Place does not stand for the capital message of this greater manor. It is the chief house of a lesser lordship, Forde manor within Brede, the seat of an ancient Sussex family of that name, whose heiress, Joan atte Forde, sold away her house and lands to the Oxenbridges, by whom it is named as Forde Place in their wills and conveyances.



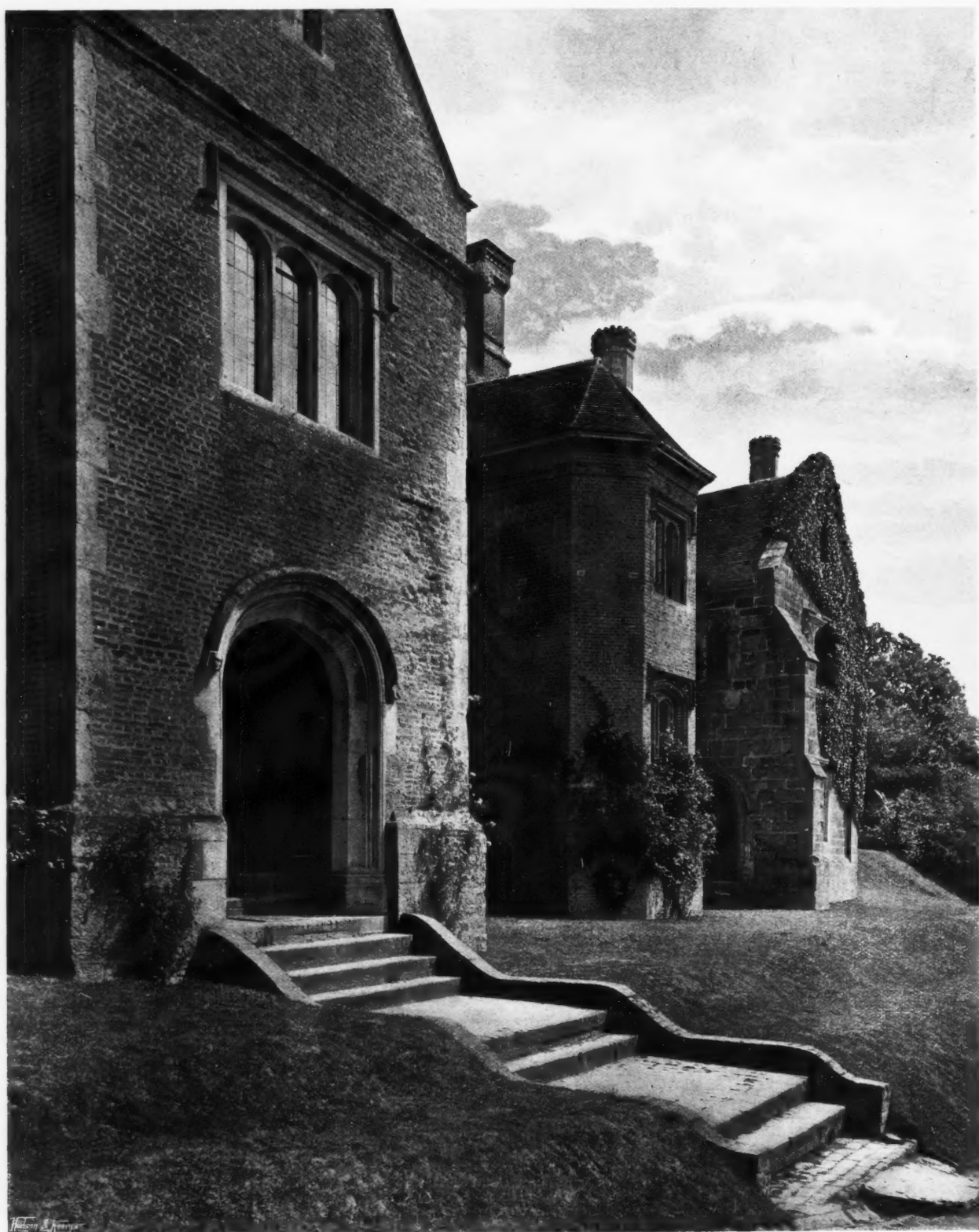


"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE CHAPEL BEDROOM.

These Oxenbridges were likewise of an old Sussex stock, being found in the neighbouring parish of Beckley at the beginning of the fourteenth century, in which time a son of the house married with a daughter of those rich Alards whose monuments may yet be seen in St. Thomas's Church, Gervase Alard being Edward I.'s Admiral of the Western Seas. They had a house in Winchelsea, and their ventures in the ships which lay there. Robert Oxenbridge, a jurat of Winchelsea, was living at Brede when, by his testament of 1482, he settled his house at "Forth" and his lands in Brede and Udimore on his wife Anne for her widowhood. His brass has been torn from the floor of the chapel in Brede church, but his widow's effigy remains. Of their many children, Thomas the first born was a lawyer and a justice of the peace in the favour of Richard Crookback, but like a wise man he made his peace in time with the conquering Red Rose, and was serjeant-at-law when King Henry VII. and his Queen and great lords dined at a serjeants' feast in Holborn. In

Thomas's time Forde Place must have grown to be a house of quality, for his will speaks of his chapel therein. The same will deals in cups and salt-cellars of silver gilt, and all the pieces of a rich man's sideboard. His brother Godard Oxenbridge succeeded him, marrying a great Sussex man's daughter, Elizabeth, the co-heir of Sir Thomas Echingham, with three manors to her portion. His second wife was a baron's niece, a Fynes of the Dacres. Sir Godard of Brede, for he was soon a knight, was three times sheriff of his county, and proud Wolsey, who loved to have richly-clad gentlemen about him, had Sir Godard in his train at Canterbury in 1522 to ride with him to Dover, where the Emperor was landing. In 1531 he was gathered to his fathers in the Lady Chapel at Brede, his will scattering silver goblets and bowls, cups and salts among friends and kin, and leaving ample provision for masses to be sung either in the church or in the house-chapel. He lies in the Oxenbridge Chapel in Brede church. You may see him there in stone on an altar





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THE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

tomb, his head on a helmet, his praying hands clasped over his breast, and a lion at his feet. Now, to what memory, to what freakishly recalled tale, does this old knight owe his dreadful fame in Brede? For Brede village and the land about it knows that Sir Godard was ogre and magician. Those clasped hands of his have torn the flesh of children in his cannibal feasts, and against him the sword and the spear were brought in vain. Steel would not bite on the ogre's enchanted carcase. But no black magic will arm a man at all points. The heathen knight Achilles might be wounded in the heel; the wizard Lord Soulis was safe from the sword, but, nevertheless, men boiled the flesh from his bones in the cauldron on the Nine Stane Rigg. So at the last Sussex village cunning prevailed over Sir Godard. Good men and true crept into Brede Place when Sir Godard lay drunk on his bench and sawed him in half with a wooden saw. We turn back again to the documents, back to the old gentleman leaving to his son Robert the little unbroken nag, to his son William the grey horse he bought of the parson of Burwash, and a black cloth gown to every maid servant—a married man, a good householder and reverend sheriff—to wonder at what Brede has come to tell of him.

After Sir Godard's death the Oxenbridges, now a rich family, with a good estate in two counties, removed their seat into Hampshire, and the sons of one Sir Robert Oxenbridge, who died in 1616, sold away their manor of Fordes in Brede and the ancient manor house to Sir Thomas Dyke of Horsham, knight. The Dykes sold after the Restoration to a Parker of Ratton, and in 1708 a Frewen of Northiam, who had already bought lands in Brede, added to them the house of Forde Place, which has ever since been with his descendants. The Frewens came out of Worcestershire, and have been in Sussex since John Frewen their ancestor had the rectory of Northiam in 1583. An earnest Puritan, set in a country-side where religious faction was bitter enough, his writings pleaded "the cause of Reformation against the Slanders of the Pope," and their want of caution in dealing with authority nearer home ended in a bill of indictment presented against him at Lewes Assizes. But his cause prevailed; he came home to preach eight sermons of triumph from his Northiam pulpit, and when in 1621 a discontented gentleman of his parish met him on the high road with "old fool, old ass and old coxcomb," the offender was at once excommunicated. His likeness is on the wall at Northiam, in gown and broad-leaved hat,

his right hand clapped on the Geneva Bible, his left on a skull. This Puritan ancestor was three times married, and several of his brood of sons are had in remembrance. Accepted Frewen, the eldest, despite a name which should have kept him in mind of his Puritan stock, fell away from the pure word as revealed to the Genevan saints and got him advancement thereby. Taking orders, he early saw the great world outside Northiam, going as the Lord Digby's chaplain to Madrid, where he exhorted Prince Charles and Buckingham to stand staunch for their national church in a strange land. Oxford made him president of Magdalen, in whose chapel he set up an altar which was a stumbling-block to his father's old friends. As vice-chancellor he moved the university to send their plate to be coined into crowns for the Royal cause, a piece of forward loyalty which brought upon him such parliamentary attention that he must needs fly the country with Oliver's wrath behind him, a bill offering £1,000 for the taking of this busy priest. At the Restoration he was made Archbishop of York, and Pepys was in the crowd that gaped upon him and his right reverend brothers as though they were strange beasts, so unfamiliar had grown the sight of a bishop in the land. His next brother, Thankfull Frewen, had a place as purse-bearer to Lord Keeper Coventry, and also suffered for loyalty, while Thomas, another brother, rode a-soldiering as a captain for Cromwell in Ireland. Stephen Frewen, citizen of London, fourth son of the old rector, was the ancestor of the Frewen of Brickwall and Brede. He was the Lord Archbishop's favourite, and when the prelate died at York in 1679, the citizen is said to have carried away in his coach to London some 27,000 guineas, all of which escaped the highwaymen, from York to Hounslow, only to be swallowed up by a loan to the merry and insolvent monarch. But Stephen's prosperity could even ride out such a loss. With other guineas he bought the pleasant seat of Brickwall in his father's

old parish of Northiam, which is still in the hands of his descendants.

Forde Place, or Brede Place, to give it its later name, is, in spite of past misfortunes, a fine example of a rare form of house. The older portions are said to date from the early years of the fourteenth century, and to have been built by Sir Thomas Atte Forde of that order of the hospitallers whose crosses plentifully decorate the stone porch. The mixture of old stone with the later red brick gives warm colour and beauty to the front, whose broken lines, broad gables, tall chimney and many mullioned lights set Brede among the most picturesque of the Sussex manor houses. The great hall, common to such houses, is a room 40ft. long, entered by the porch which parts the house in two. To the left lay the kitchen and its offices, and to the other side a great retiring chamber, lit at either end, a window of eight lights being thrown right across the eastward wall. The stone fireplace in this room has a Tudor rose and a fleur-de-lys in the spandrels of its arch. Into this room opens that chapel in which Sir Robert Body, a priest, was ordered to sing mass for the soul of Thomas Oxenbridge, Henry VII.'s serjeant-at-law. The window of the ante-chapel had once some shields of the arms of Oxenbridge, but these have been carried away to grace a window over the Frewen pew in Northiam church.

Since the Frewens had already a good house over the hills, Brede Place was long deserted. A gamekeeper was lodged in some corner of it, and in the days when Sussex lanes at midnight often saw the train of horses with brandy and lace on the pack-saddles, Brede became a very warehouse of the free-traders. Its vaults would take many a cargo landed from the river bank a quarter of a mile away, and belated wanderers hearing strange sounds and seeing strange lights flash from the windows of the old manor house of the ogre were not curious to draw near that desolate place.

Our newly-awakened care for old and precious things has saved Brede Place in time from the doom of houses whose roofs fail and whose chimneys topple, and these pictures will show that the old house of the Oxenbridges stands to-day whole and well cared for.

IN THE GARDEN.

SOME BEAUTIFUL TENDER PRIMROSES.

THE great family of the Primrose, or *Primula*, contains few kinds that cannot be grown in the open air in this country. With the introduction of a large number of Chinese species by Père Delavay, Dr. Henry, and more recently by Messrs. Veitch, through their traveller, Mr. E. H. Wilson, over two hundred distinct kinds are known to botanists, and of this number only about six must have a greenhouse to rear them in. True, a number of half-hardy *Primulas* thrive better if given some protection in winter; but these cannot be called indoor *Primulas*, as in sheltered nooks in the rock garden they thrive outside the year through. The flowers of others, although the plants are quite hardy, appear early in the year, when the weather is none too favourable; these, if given the protection of a cool house, well repay the grower for his trouble. The *Auricula* may be mentioned as an instance, no ardent grower of these leaving his pets to the mercy of our changeable climate.

THE CHINESE PRIMROSE.

Primula sinensis is the *Primula* most largely grown for the decoration of the greenhouse. The wild species was introduced from Ichang about the year 1820, and it does not seem conceivable that the plant figured in the *Botanical Magazine* can be the forerunner of the beautiful flowers



Copyright.

THE EAST GABLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

that gladden the garden of to-day. It is only within the last twenty or thirty years that such rapid development has taken place. Two good varieties which were distributed in the seventies are still grown—Ruby King and the pure white Pearl. The plants flower naturally during the winter season, and by sowing the seeds at intervals from March to July a succession is maintained from autumn till spring. There are single, semi-double and double varieties, the first-named being the most popular, and, with the semi-double varieties, are usually grown annually from seed. The double Primulas can be propagated by cuttings or by division. The second method is adopted, remove the old leaves from the base of the plant, and pile up the soil round the collar to induce new roots to form. In about a month's time sufficient roots will have appeared in the new soil to enable the plants to be cut up, and the growths potted singly into small pots. During summer the plants can be grown in frames, transferring them to a house in autumn on the approach of cold nights. The semi-double varieties are very beautiful, and the blues as clear and true as the Gentian of the Alps.

THE LADY OR STAR PRIMULAS.

These form a section which has grown rapidly into popular favour of late years. Seeds were first distributed by Messrs. Cannell and Sons of Swanley in 1894, and the original plant is said to have occurred in a batch of plants of *P. sinensis* raised from seeds received direct from China. By crossing this weedy-looking plant with the best garden forms of the Chinese Primrose, hybridists have given us plants of remarkable beauty. The flowers crowd thickly on slender stems, and their shape is suggested by the popular name of Star. Perhaps the most charming varieties are Red Rover, White Spray, Lady E. Dyke, Mrs. R. W. Cannell, Triumph and Blue Star. A houseful of this Primrose in full bloom is very pretty.

THE WILD PRIMROSES.

Primula floribunda is one of the most cheerful and easily grown of greenhouse flowers. It comes from the Western Himalayas, where it is found at an elevation of from 2,500ft. to 6,500ft., and also in Afghanistan. Its bright yellow flowers appear in abundance for months at a time, and the effect is richer if three or more plants are grown together in pots or pans. The variety called *grandiflora* has larger flowers than the type, and those of *Isabellina* are soft sulphur. Propagation is usually done by seeds, as the plants are more robust than when divided. The seeds may be sown at almost any season of the year, the young plants flowering in from six to eight months after sowing.

The Abyssinian Primrose (*P. verticillata*).—Although given this English name this Primrose is not confined to Abyssinia, but is also found on the other side of the Red Sea in Arabia. It was first introduced into this country about 1825, and at various times several forms have appeared; but all are included under the general name of "*Verticillata*." The many pale green flowers are in whorls, and appear in profusion. The best way to increase the plant is by seeds, which should be sown in March or April to flower early in the following year.

P. lewisii.—This plant first appeared in the Royal Gardens, Kew, several years ago as a chance hybrid. In a batch of seedlings of *P. floribunda* one plant stood out prominently from the others owing to its extreme vigour. The conclusion arrived at when the plant flowered was that it might be a hybrid between *P. floribunda* and *P. verticillata*, as both were growing in the same house where the seeds were collected. As a winter-flowering plant this Primula is a great gain. The growth is more robust than that of either of the parents, and it is easily raised from seed. A more useful Primula for the amateur does not exist, and the sweet scent of *P. verticillata* is not lost in the offspring.

P. obconica.—This familiar greenhouse Primula is widely distributed in China, being found at Ichang and westward for 1,000 miles, from sea-level to a height of 4,000ft. Probably no Primula in our gardens grows and flowers as freely as this, and by sowing the seeds at various times the plants may be had in bloom the year through. The flowers vary greatly in colour, even in a wild state, while in gardens almost every shade is represented, from snow white to deep currant red. The leaves are harmful to some skins, and it is necessary to exercise caution in handling the plants. We have never suffered ourselves from this evil, but have known cases in which considerable suffering has ensued.

The Royal Cowslip (*P. imperialis*).—This plant has been given the name of the Royal Cowslip in allusion to a slight similarity to our wild Cowslip. It grows on the loftiest mountains in Java. The leaves are over 1ft. long, and the strong flower-stems will develop to a height of 3ft., the flowers in whorls and intense yellow in colour, with a shade of orange in it.

A NEW WINTER CHERRY.

We have received from Messrs. George Bunyard and Co. of The Nurseries, Maidstone, some stems of a new winter Cherry, raised by them by crossing the well-known *Physalis Alkekengi* and the *P. Franchetti*, which is known by its large calyces. *P. Bunyardi* is strong in growth, the stems sturdy, and the huge calyces gleam among the large foliage. These calyces are intense orange-scarlet in colour, and hang like little lamps from the stems. One can well understand that so fine a hardy plant is in demand as much for the value of its calyces in decoration as for their effect in the garden.

RANDOM NOTES.

The Megasea or Large-leaved Saxifrage.—We have noticed of late years that the Megasea has been brought more forward in the English garden, and grown not only for the beauty of its flowers, but for its noble foliage. No more useful hardy plant exists for bold grouping or making an undergrowth to shrubs planted widely apart than the Megasea, of which there are several forms, *M. ligulata speciosa* being one of the most beautiful for its flower and leaf. The plant is well placed at the edge or corner of the border, and is as bright as any flower when the deep green of the leaf turns to a brilliant crimson.

Rose Augustine Guinoisseau.—In making up the Rose list for the autumn this Hybrid Tea should not be forgotten. It is not new, but in the desire to acquire novelties some of the old Rose friends are in danger of being lost sight of. *Augustine Guinoisseau* and *George Nabonnand* are the two great Roses in autumn; the former is sometimes called the white La France, but the flower is not like that of La France, and the colour is quite different—white, tinged

with a soft salmon rose. We have gathered many blooms this autumn, and arranged carelessly in a silver bowl a charming decoration for the table.

Dahlia H. A. Victoria.—No public garden in the world teaches more useful lessons in the value of rich effects than the Royal Gardens at Kew. Plants are grouped on a large scale, and one comes across kinds rarely seen elsewhere. The Dahlia named is an instance. We confess it was a stranger to us, but for a mass of bloom no variety is its equal. It is of quite an unconventional type, a "decorative" variety it would be called by some, the flower partly double, in almost every instance displaying a yellow centre, and thrown well above the leaves. The huge group is a drift of white, and as fresh in late October as in the early autumn days.

THE PLANTING OF OUR WASTE LANDS.

WE have often been told that we are an exceedingly wasteful nation, which is no doubt true of us in many respects. One specific instance of this alleged waste has recently been adverted to very frequently, and the iniquity has been urged of there being between 16,000,000 and 17,000,000 acres of mountain and heath classed as waste land throughout the United Kingdom, much of which, it is alleged, can be planted with profit. Sweeping assertions of this sort can serve no useful purpose. They are mere oratorical clap-net: they are untrue. They may, for the moment, catch the attention and raise the righteous indignation of some among the audience excited by the harangue of a perfunctory platform orator; but as soon as any person of ordinary common-sense begins to think over the matter, and to look at this vast area of more or less unproductive waste land from the practical standpoint, with a view to its being utilised with a fair chance of profit, he finds that there are enormous difficulties in the way of economic improvement. These waste lands are not ownerless. The vast majority of them belong to private owners, who are neither so opulent nor so purse-proud and disdainful of making profitable investments as to spurn the thought of planting, if they had funds available, and could be induced to believe that plantations would prove profitable.

For the last fifteen years I have been an advocate of extensive planting; but the closer I have considered the question, the more thoroughly have I become convinced that any extensive scheme of planting for profit can only be initiated and carried out either entirely by the State itself, or else with very substantial assistance rendered and supervision given by the State. And this complicates the question, rather than tending to simplify it, in a country where paternal government is at complete variance with the genius of the people in general, and with the past history and the freehold rights and privileges of the landowners in particular. But I should like to try to make clear certain practical aspects of the matter, so as to enable such of the public as are interested in this subject to form an independent opinion for themselves as to the extent to which the replantation of our waste lands, many of which were once thickly wooded, can be attempted with any fair chance of its turning out a profitable investment for those making it.

It is not only during these last few years that voices have been raised calling upon the Government of the day to do something towards converting our waste lands into woodlands. About one hundred years ago the same cry went forth to the nation, uttered by powerful politicians. But the reason of the agitation was quite different. Then, early in the nineteenth century, when Lord Melville urged the Prime Minister to plant on an extensive scale, the country was face to face with a serious want of oak timber for ship-building. Many of the heavy clay oak woods had been cleared and grubbed up for conversion into wheat-fields, the royal forests had been grossly mismanaged, and the Navy had become dependent on private commercial enterprise for future supplies of ship-building timber, while prices had risen greatly, and it was clearly seen to be impossible that the country could provide for its future requirements unless adequate steps were taken with regard to "the vast stretches of waste land, calculated at about 20,000,000 of acres, which might be rendered available for planting to a large extent."

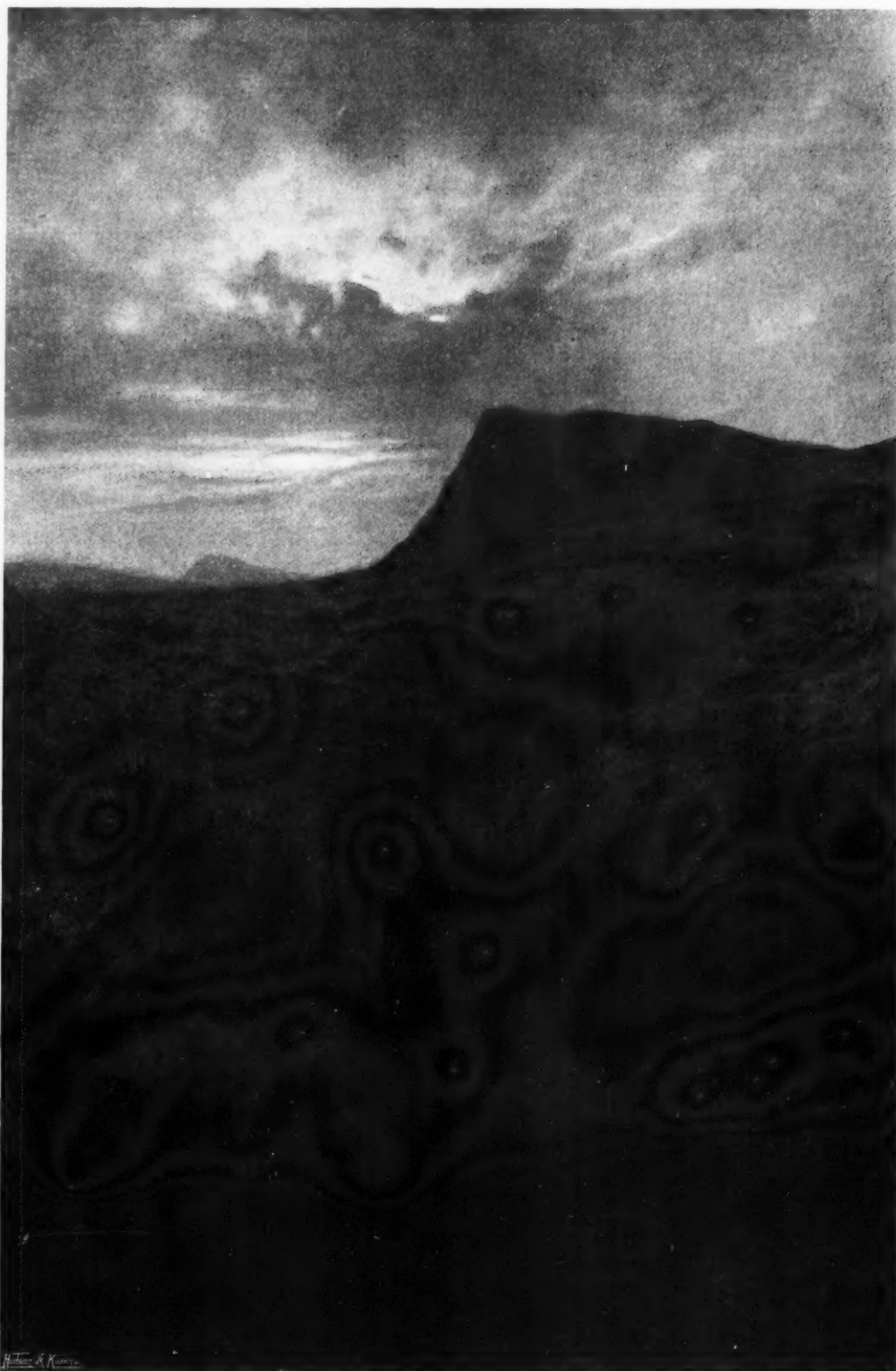
Britain's victorious emergence from the Napoleonic wars with complete command of the seas, the large supplies of fine teak timber procurable from India, and subsequently the introduction of iron ship-building and steam communication, and last, but not least, the gradual abolition of all import duties on timber, first of all from our Colonies, and then finally from foreign countries in 1866, during the whole of which time we had a practical monopoly of the world's shipping trade, solved the problem that loomed so serious in the national outlook in 1810, and secured all our requisite supplies for the best part of a century. The cry that is now going forth about the planting of wastes is also, of course, purely economic, though it is not based on urging the Government "to take adequate steps to provide for

future requirements as to timber, in place of merely trusting to private commercial enterprise." It is matter of common knowledge that the world's production of timber is decreasing, while population and, consequently, also the needs of all the most civilised nations are increasing; so that, even should there not soon be something like an actual "timber-famine," yet there must be a very considerable rise in the price of this raw material in the near future, due to higher competition between Britain, Germany, and the United States of America for the surplus timber of other countries, and especially for their light coniferous wood. And in addition to this keener competition, there is also the political catch-cry of planting providing more work for the unemployed—which it, of course, would do in a small way, but only just in so far as any other economic measure must also ensure which would tend to keep money payable as wages within the United Kingdom in place of sending it abroad, to pay the woodmen, lumberers, haulers, sawyers, railways and shipowners of foreign countries. Stripped of its partially casual and temporary political significance at the present moment, the economic standpoint for viewing the matter is just this: During the last thirty-five years Britain has to a great extent lost its monopoly of the seas and of the world's carrying traffic, through the United States and Germany having each become a political and commercial unity, while their population has respectively increased from 41,000,000 to over 80,000,000, and from 40,000,000 to 61,000,000. The practical result of this has already been that since 1882, when our population was 35,500,000 and our timber imports were valued at £18,300,000, our requirements have increased in such a degree that in 1903, when our population was 42,250,000, we imported wood to the value of £29,300,000. That is to say, during those twenty-one years, in which our population increased by only 19 per cent., the value of our timber imports increased by over 60 per cent. These statistics surely give cause for serious thought. It is true that we have within the British Empire not only the largest supply of hardwoods in the world (in India and Australasia), but also the largest storehouse of light coniferous timber (in Canada); but unless we can introduce a preferential system as regards the export of these, we shall not profit thereby in Britain.

But the above increase in our national timber bill is only just the beginning of an appreciation in the price of timber, which must increase very greatly and permanently as time rolls on. Hence, the great economic question with regard to the planting of such portions of our waste lands as seem plantable with profit is merely this: Should any extensive national scheme of planting be undertaken for the general benefit of the country in the future? Presuming that this prime question be answered in the affirmative, the four practical questions that immediately suggest themselves as requiring consideration are: (1) To what extent can our waste lands be planted with a fair prospect of profit? (2) Who owns the waste lands, and how can they be made available for planting? (3) How can planting for profit

best be carried out on sound principles? (4) What will such planting cost, and where is the money to come from?

As already indicated, the sweeping assertion that most of our waste land is plantable with profit is untrue and absurd. The main instruction in forestry that is required in each of the four different countries forming the United Kingdom—countries differing in climate, soil and general and specific economic conditions—is object-lessons in the planting of waste land with profit; and certain very ill-advised endeavours, made from ten to



J. M. Whitehead.

MOUNTAIN AND HEATH.

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fifteen years ago in Ireland, have only resulted in a miserably complete failure, under conditions where absolute failure was almost invited. This particular object-lesson in the congested districts of the West of Ireland is far more calculated to frighten any landowner than to encourage him to plant. But this awful example of State planting at Knocklynn in Connemara cannot be considered anything like a fair attempt at solving the important question of utilising waste land. Of the 16,000,000 to 17,000,000 acres of our waste lands it is impossible for anyone to

profess to state even in round figures what proportion may be to-day considered plantable with a reasonable chance of the investments proving profitable. One can estimate pretty exactly what the capital value of the land is, and what the cost of planting will be; but it is impossible to say, even approximately, what the market value *in situ* of timber crops, as yet unplanted, may be when they mature from forty or fifty to seventy or eighty years hence. It is easy to play with figures and reckon out a sure profit on paper, but the British public is not likely to allow itself to be gulled by such rubbish. Enormous difficulties hedge about the attempt to make anything like a fair and reliable estimate in this matter. One can only go by the probability that where mature timber crops would be profitable now (if they had been made fifty or sixty years ago at about the same cost as would be incurred to-day), they will likely be at least equally profitable later on, and probably more profitable, but that is purely a matter of speculative opinion. One cannot foretell what will pay best fifty years hence. Patient waiting for results obtainable only about two generations hence does not suit the spirit of modern Britain. And the fact that a first crop of timber on poor wind-swept wastes, the surface soil of which has been gradually deteriorated by centuries of exposure to the exhausting and degrading influences of wind, weather, scouring rainfall, and rank growth of heather or coarse herbage and weeds, is seldom likely to be so good as the second or third crop to be formed from fifty or sixty to 100 or 120 years later, does not appeal to our national temper and our business instincts, which prefer a sort of penny-in-the-slot-machine arrangement, giving quick returns for small and casual investments. My own opinion, based on such personal observations as I have had opportunities of making in connection with waste lands and plantations made on parts of them from about thirty to sixty years ago, is that the actual area of our waste land plantable with a fair chance of profit may vary locally from about one-eighth to one-fifth of the total, or say, in round numbers, between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 acres. But this is only a rough estimate; and much of such plantable waste might probably just as easily be reclaimed and rendered fit for agriculture. There is no satisfactory standard that can be used for estimating. Over large stretches of waste the soil and the subsoil may vary greatly; the physical conditions, the configuration and the exposure of undulating land and hill-sides may present different features affecting the growth of plantations and the quality and quantity of the timber producible there. And so on in different details, all the physical and

economic factors varying so much from place to place that it would be sheer folly to attempt to estimate on general lines the plantable waste even for any one county in England, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland until some sort of detailed survey has been made for this express purpose. And only the Government is able to do this, or else the County Councils, working in connection with the Board of Agriculture. One cannot say, for example, that land up to 800ft. or 1,000ft. above sea-level is probably plantable, while only little above that is likely to prove profitable, because it may often happen that woods can be grown at 1,200ft. or 1,500ft. elevation on a sheltered northern slope, although there would not be any fair chance of profit on a wind-swept southern or south-western slope, even at 400ft. or 500ft. to 600ft. or 700ft. Then, again, a comparatively thin and poorly-grown timber crop growing check-by-jowl with a colliery, on land forming the surface soil above a coal-mine, may, on that very account, be worth far more per acre than a much better-grown plantation in some remote inland district, far away from any wood-consuming centre.

The great bulk of our waste lands is in private ownership, and even those under the Commissioners of Woods and Forests are Crown property, made over at the beginning of each reign in exchange for the Civil List guaranteed to the Sovereign, hence none of our wastes are national property, for even the commons cannot be considered such. Even within the Crown forests the many tens of square miles of sandy heaths in the New Forest in Hampshire are burdened with rights of commonage to pasture; and before plantations could be made even there by the State, legislation would have to be enacted for the valuation and extinction by purchase of such surface rights. And the same would have to be done with regard to the expropriation of wastes, the property of private landowners, because if poor portions of their estates were colour-washed on the Ordnance Survey Maps, and marked as "suitable for planting," that would naturally increase the selling value in their eyes, even although they might not have the remotest intention themselves of trying to plant it for profit. The law of entail offers no inducement to planting, and the final abolition of the timber import duties in 1866 gave the death-blow to any reasonable chance of private owners planting for profit on any extensive scale. And what Government, unless long worried on the subject, will have the temerity to pull about their ears the hornet's nest of a Bill for the Valuation and Extinction of Rights to Commonage, etc., in the Crown forests, and for the expropriation on fair terms of such portions of private wastes as may be considered suitable for



A. Horsley Hinton.

WASTE LAND ON THE THAMES ESTUARY

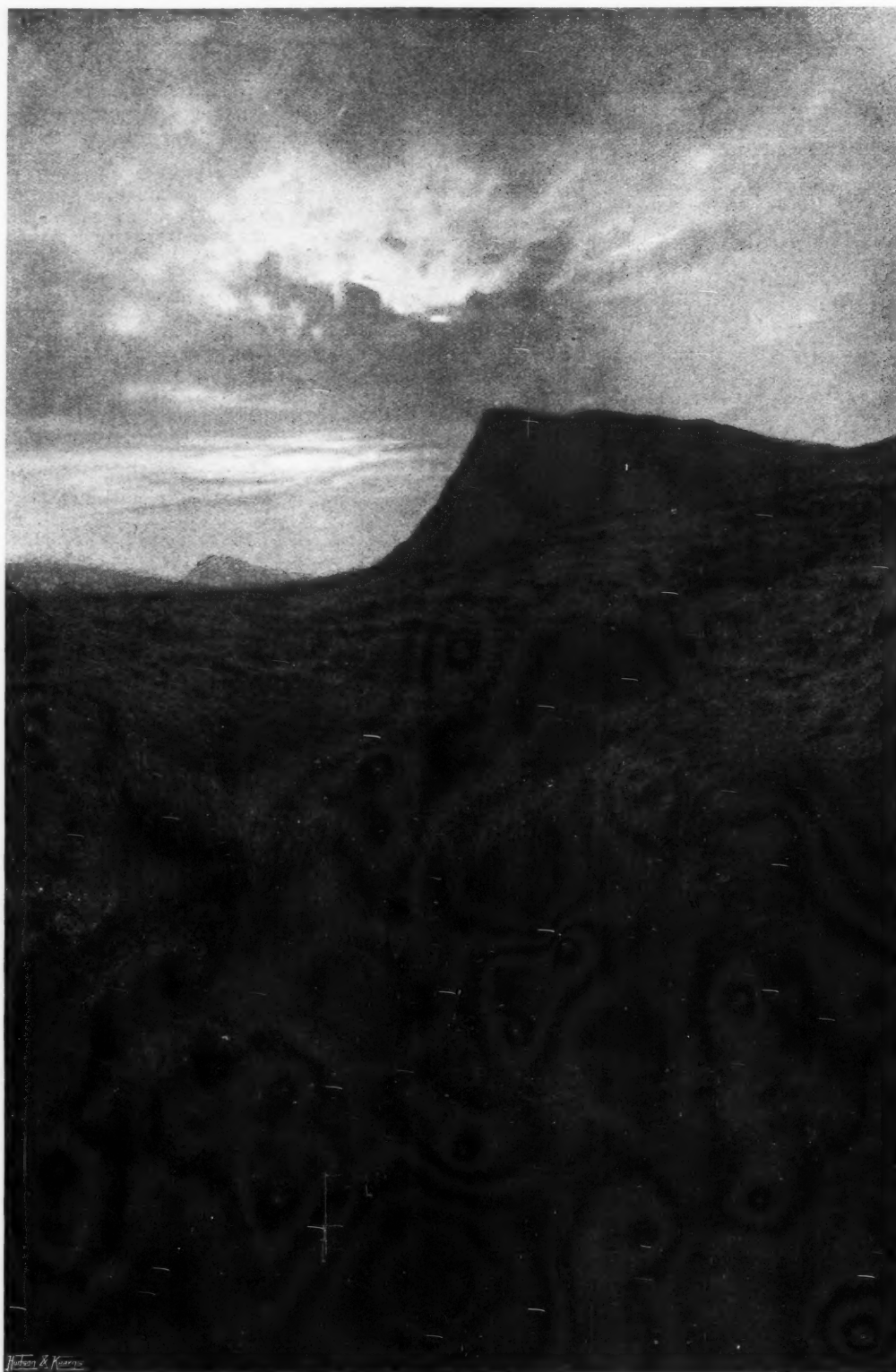
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future requirements as to timber, in place of merely trusting to private commercial enterprise." It is matter of common knowledge that the world's production of timber is decreasing, while population and, consequently, also the needs of all the most civilised nations are increasing; so that, even should there not soon be something like an actual "timber-famine," yet there must be a very considerable rise in the price of this raw material in the near future, due to higher competition between Britain, Germany, and the United States of America for the surplus timber of other countries, and especially for their light coniferous wood. And in addition to this keener competition, there is also the political catch-cry of planting providing more work for the unemployed — which it, of course, would do in a small way, but only just in so far as any other economic measure must also ensure which would tend to keep money payable as wages within the United Kingdom in place of sending it abroad, to pay the woodmen, lumberers, haulers, sawyers, railways and shipowners of foreign countries. Stripped of its partially casual and temporary political significance at the present moment, the economic standpoint for viewing the matter is just this: During the last thirty-five years Britain has to a great extent lost its monopoly of the seas and of the world's carrying traffic, through the United States and Germany having each become a political and commercial unity, while their population has respectively increased from 41,000,000 to over 80,000,000, and from 40,000,000 to 61,000,000. The practical result of this has already been that since 1882, when our population was 35,500,000 and our timber imports were valued at £18,300,000, our requirements have increased in such a degree that in 1903, when our population was 42,250,000, we imported wood to the value of £29,300,000. That is to say, during those twenty-one years, in which our population increased by only 19 per cent., the value of our timber imports increased by over 60 per cent. These statistics surely give cause for serious thought. It is true that we have within the British Empire not only the largest supply of hardwoods in the world (in India and Australasia), but also the largest storehouse of light coniferous timber (in Canada); but unless we can introduce a preferential system as regards the export of these, we shall not profit thereby in Britain.

But the above increase in our national timber bill is only just the beginning of an appreciation in the price of timber, which must increase very greatly and permanently as time rolls on. Hence, the great economic question with regard to the planting of such portions of our waste lands as seem plantable with profit is merely this: Should any extensive national scheme of planting be undertaken for the general benefit of the country in the future? Presuming that this prime question be answered in the affirmative, the four practical questions that immediately suggest themselves as requiring consideration are: (1) To what extent can our waste lands be planted with a fair prospect of profit? (2) Who owns the waste lands, and how can they be made available for planting? (3) How can planting for profit

best be carried out on sound principles? (4) What will such planting cost, and where is the money to come from?

As already indicated, the sweeping assertion that most of our waste land is plantable with profit is untrue and absurd. The main instruction in forestry that is required in each of the four different countries forming the United Kingdom—countries differing in climate, soil and general and specific economic conditions—is object-lessons in the planting of waste land with profit; and certain very ill-advised endeavours, made from ten to



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State planting with a view to profit? And yet that would be the only way of acquiring them.

If, on full consideration of the subject by the British public, there be any consensus of opinion that planting should take place extensively throughout the British Isles, then it is desirable that reasonable State aid should be given to landowners desirous of planting, and that State planting should take place in other cases; and, whatever steps should be taken in either of these directions, the operations should be well thought out and carefully planned for the next fifty or sixty years, when once the first crops may be expected to be mature for clearance and replanting. This can only be done by providing proper departmental machinery, which does not exist at present, in the shape of a new and special branch of the Board of Agriculture. The work of this branch would be, first of all, to map out, county by county, with the aid of the County Councils and of local landowners, the waste lands suitable for planting, and to formulate proposals for their acquisition. When the land has been acquired, a scheme of work should be drawn up suitable to the given local conditions; and when this is approved and sanctioned,

No doubt, some of our plantable wastes may be fit for growing beech, sycamore, and even ash and oak in the lower parts, though the latter, if moist, will much oftener be fit for birch, aspen, willow, poplar, and alder; but the great bulk of the land will only prove suitable for the growth of conifers—pine, larch, spruce, silver fir and, to a more limited extent, Douglas fir. These conifers are the kinds of timber crops which can grow well on the poorer classes of land, which cost least to plant, which give the earliest returns in thinning, which mature soonest, and which, fortunately, produce the kind of wood we stand in most urgent need of in Britain. Certainly, if our wastelands are of any use at all for planting, the profit must chiefly be looked for in raising conifer crops; and even if we had now, at this present moment, from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 acres of the existing waste lands already under such timber crops, ranging up to fifty or sixty years of age, they could not provide us from year to year with anything like one-half of the quantity of coniferous timber that we have now to import for the maintenance of our wood-consuming industries, to say nothing of the increased supplies the future may demand. Even for pit-wood and mine-props our present imports amount



J. M. Whitehead.

GIVEN UP TO BRACKEN AND BOG.

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the network of rides and drives should be marked out, and steps taken to plant wind-screens of evergreen conifers wherever required to shelter the subsequent plantations from the bad effects of strong winds. Further planting operations should not take place for some years, till these wind-screens have established themselves, and have grown sufficiently to effect the purpose in view. Naturally, such plantations would have the better chance of proving profitable when made in large compact blocks, for there is then the same sort of advantage which is obtainable in any wholesale business as compared with a petty scale of manufacture. And, of course, the detailed survey and selection of the plantable waste land must also endeavour to map out the various areas where different kinds of crops may probably be expected to give the best returns. One cannot, even with regard to hardwoods or softwoods as general classes of timber, and still less with regard to the different kinds of broad-leaved and coniferous trees, merely allocate them on the simple lines relating to the dispersal of the primitive human tribes, as described by the poet Cowper:

These to the valleys, to the uplands those.

to over 93,000,000 cubic feet a year, valued at £2,500,000. Hence, if waste land be at all plantable with profit, there seems good reason for extensive planting.

This is the crux of the whole matter. It is the main point, to which every other question connected with extensive planting is absolutely and entirely subordinate. If there is profit in planting, why do not landowners plant? Simply because they have not funds, and because the State and the County Councils hamper such investments by vexatious rates and taxes, death and estate duties, etc.

At present the soil preparation and the planting of extensive stretches of waste will cost, on the average, about £6 an acre, including everything except the price of the land itself, so that for the planting of between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 acres, besides the cost of the waste land, a sum of from £12,000,000 to about £18,000,000 might possibly be required for investment during the next forty to fifty years, in order to carry out a great national planting scheme to the fullest extent on a well-considered plan. Such a scheme would naturally include private planting with State aid, given under reasonable conditions and subject to

proper supervision, and also State planting carried out by the Board of Agriculture. But in either case the State would have to find the money required, and I cannot conceive its being obtainable by any other method than the raising of a National Planting Fund on the issue of Government stock bearing 2½ per cent. interest, as has been done in connection with the Irish Land Act for the purchase of estates. The question, however, is an important one, and till the British public has had time to study it fully from a plain common-sense point of view, it seems inexpedient to jump to any conclusion, either one way or the other, about the planting of our too-abundant wastes.

JOHN NISBET.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE

THE SEASON AND THE BIRDS

IN this absurdest and most delightful of years it is becoming ridiculous to go on reporting the abnormal behaviour of wild things, but there is no doubt that the situation is dreadfully mixed. The goldcrest appears regularly in this garden every autumn, and he came this year punctually to time; but never before have I seen him in the last week of October (as I do now daily) fluttering among sweet peas in blossom. The winter moths are appearing on the ivy bloom at night, but white butterflies, small coppers and humming-bird-hawk moths are still enjoying the red tobacco plant and scabious by day.

THE FRIENDLY GOLDCREST.

What a charming little person the goldcrest is! Several times I have tried to tempt this particular bird (I think it is the same one) to settle on the finger of my gloved hand as it flutters about the lower twigs of a certain yew tree. It has never quite done it, but I believe it is only by accident. It has, I am sure, no desire not to; it is merely that the nearest yew twig happens to be more attractive at the moment. The fearlessness of human beings of the goldcrest, however, is quite different to the fearlessness of the robin. The robin acts intelligently. It comes to you because it means to come to you, and prefers human company. The goldcrest is merely indifferent, its instinct not seeming yet to have taught it that so large an object as a human being is an enemy to be feared. I do not think that this bird makes any distinction between me and the nearest snowberry bush; and it is noticeable that this same fearlessness is shared in greater or less degree by all the very smallest of our birds.

THE COURAGE OF INSIGNIFICANCE.

There was a period in my youth when (to my present remorse) I gloried in the indiscriminate use of a catapult. So tame was the tree-creeper sometimes be (and the tree-creeper is, I believe, next to the goldcrest, our smallest British bird) that I remember one murderous occasion when I had to draw back a yard or two from a creeper sitting so close to me that I feared that if I shot there would be nothing left of the poor little thing. The long-tailed tit comes next in size, and I am not aware that anyone ever has caught a long-tailed tit in a butterfly net, but it would certainly be possible to do it almost any time when a family comes flitting along a hedge; and the coal tit is nearly as tame. In hard winters the redpolls used (in those same abominable boyish days) to frequent certain birch trees in great numbers, and they were so hopelessly tame that in mere pity even we young ruffians gave up shooting them. In other countries humming-birds are often apparently as regardless of one's presence as if they were indeed the brilliant butterflies or moths which they are so much like. To all the very tiny birds we seem to be too big to be recognised as a source of danger. We are merely incidents of the landscape, like trees or houses or hedgerows.

MISSIL-THRUSHES OFF DUTY.

In the early spring this year we had opportunities of noticing how a late spell of very cold weather sent the birds back to their winter habits, causing the rooks to lose interest in the rookery to which they had just returned, and making all other birds except the robin stop singing. This autumn the reverse process has been illustrated. We had a few very cold days in the first week of October, and immediately the missil-thrushes took possession of the hawthorn bushes. As long as the cold weather lasted every hawthorn was policed by its proper missil-thrush, who kept other birds away from the berries. Small birds—chaffinches, hedge-sparrows and tits—could visit the bushes as much as they pleased, but the instant a blackbird or a thrush approached the storehouse, the guardian flung himself at the intruder. The whole country-side rang with the harsh noise of missil-thrushes chasing other birds. Then came the return of summer weather, and they promptly lost all interest in the hawthorn berries. Both they and the blackbirds and thrushes seemed to be able to get elsewhere plenty of food which they preferred, and the loaded branches remain, unguarded and unrobbed, still crimson with the masses of fruit. I have no doubt that on the first wintry day the missil-thrushes will all be on duty again.

GOOD AND BAD JAYS.

In company, probably, with many other readers of COUNTRY LIFE, I was interested in the correspondence which has recently been in progress in *The Times* on the subject of bird protection in relation to the interest of the fruit-grower and agriculturist; and the discussion illustrated some of the difficulties which arise from our imperfect knowledge. One correspondent ascribed the increase in the numbers of "noxious" small birds chiefly to the efforts of the gamekeepers who kill off the birds of prey which would naturally prevent their over-multiplication, and among those of which he strongly deprecated the destruction was the jay. Immediately following that letter appeared another, giving a list of the most injurious birds which needed killing off, and high among them the writer placed the jay! "A couple of jays," he said, "will, before sunrise, clear out a row of peas"—which may be true, though I confess that I did not know it, and have been tempted to wonder whether the writer was not visiting on the jay the sins of the hawfinch. But I am willing to believe almost any villainy of jays. The same correspondent lamented that while such injurious birds as jays were allowed to

multiply (he evidently does not live in a country of much preserving) the slaughter of "our beautiful wild pigeons" was encouraged. It is possible that if the farmers were consulted they would not be found to grieve much over the slaughter of the "beautiful wild pigeons."

WHITWASHING THE BLUE TIT.

Again, the editor of a weekly paper devoted to country topics, in answering the enquiry of a correspondent, says, with ut qualification: "Tits do no damage to fruit trees, but, on the contrary, a great deal of good. Blue tits, however, peck holes in some ripe fruit, especially pears." From my experience I flatly dissent from this. Tits, I believe, do great harm to fruit trees in early spring. The statement that they only peck at buds which contain grubs, I believe—in some cases I know—to be quite wrong, for I have seen them destroy sound buds by the handful. In late summer the injury that they do to ripe plums is immense. I have watched them at work at close quarters through field-glasses. They will hang on one plum and peck a hole in it of, perhaps, the size of a pea. Dropping from it they go to another and repeat the performance; and so to a third. If the fruit is full ripe it may fall to the ground, and you can pick it up and see the hole that the little marauder has made. If not, it will still hang, and the wasps and flies will find the hole and complete the work of destruction. Tits in plum trees are almost as bad as starlings among the apples. It may be that in different parts of the country the habits of the birds vary; but that in some localities the tit, especially the blue tit, is almost the most expensive tenant that the fruit-grower can have in his orchard I am convinced.

A THRUSH AND TWO CURRANT BUSHES.

It is also said that a thrush will not eat fruit if it can get water. This summer I watched one solitary thrush, apparently without assistance, entirely strip two red currant bushes of an unusually heavy crop. And water in abundance was within a few feet. The currant bushes happened to be on the other side of a fence which was within view of the lawn, and all day long that one thrush was in those bushes. At intervals he flew up to the top of the fence to digest, sitting gorged and so sluggish that when driven away he fluttered with difficulty to the lowest branches of a neighbouring chestnut tree. In an incredibly short time he was back in the bushes gorging himself anew. Precisely how long the work of demolition took him I do not know; but when we first discovered what he was doing there was no apparent diminution of the currants on the bushes, and by the third day afterwards there was not a berry left. We never saw any other bird helping him, and the bulk of his work must have been done in the undisturbed hours of the early morning; but it is absurd to say that that bird wanted water. He wanted currants.

THE SENTIMENTALIST SCARE-CROW.

I believe that I am as fond of Nature—and especially of the birds—as anybody; but I doubt if my pleasure in life would be in any way decreased if the numbers of blackbirds, thrushes, bul finches, blue tits (though I name these two reluctantly), sparrows, starlings, wood-pigeons and rooks in England were reduced by 75 per cent.; and the fruit-growers and farmers of the country would be some hundreds of thousands of pounds better off each year. But the curious thing about the situation is this, namely, that whenever an injured fruit-grower writes to the papers to complain of his losses, he empties the vials of his wrath on some unidentified persons known as "sentimentalists," who are supposed at this moment to be cherishing the noxious birds to his personal detriment. Where are these sentimentalists? They never write to the papers nowadays on the other side. Nor do I ever meet one. Disagreement about individual birds (as in the cases cited) there may be, but, as a matter of fact, I believe that public opinion in England—the opinion of all who think of the matter at all—is practically unanimous, to the effect that we have altogether too many birds. The "sentimentalist" seems to have disappeared (perhaps he has fruit of his own), and as everyone says the same thing, it seems to be something more than time that we recognised the facts and gave up saying things for something more effective. Things will be worse next year than they have been this. H. P. R.

FROM THE FARMS.

FARM PROFITS IN DENMARK.

DENMARK is pre-eminently the home of small holdings, and it may be interesting to note some average results, the figures for which have been taken from a book on Danish social conditions recently published by Gustav Bang (Gyldendalske Boghandel, Copenhagen). It does not seem as though, from the pecuniary point of view, the Danish farmer is quite as favourably situated as his brother in England, but against this must be placed the fact that the cost of living in Denmark is slightly less than here, and that he does not require to expend time and energy in seeking the best market for his produce. This will be done for him by the co-operative society or societies to which he probably belongs. He will even buy his tools from a co-operative purchasing society, possibly his stores as well, and a paternal legislation carefully guards the interests of a class which is all-important to the country. The wages of agricultural labourers in Denmark, as elsewhere, have risen considerably of late years. This is partly the result of industrial competition, partly the result of improved conditions having rendered it possible for very many more small farmers to support themselves on their own little holdings, thus leaving less labour available. On an average—according to the most recent statistics of 1897—a farm labourer in Denmark earns, if employed all the year round, a wage of about £30 a year; if kept by the farmer, about £19 a year, as against £22 12s. and £12 respectively in 1872. From the agricultural labourer we pass on to see how the small farmer fares. This we are able to do

thanks to some enquiries conducted by private gentlemen who wished to ascertain the returns upon freehold farms of various sizes and various qualities of soil at the close of the last century. For purposes of general comparison their figures are especially valuable, for they are based not on replies from farmers selected here and there at haphazard, which replies would necessarily be in many ways conflicting and confusing, but on the calculations and statistics collected by the State and by private individuals. In this manner they calculated of what farms of various sizes in a normal way consisted, what area on a small holding (or small freehold farm), a medium-sized farm, and a large estate respectively would be planted with rye, barley, root crops, etc., how many head of cattle, how many horses, pigs, sheep, etc., are on an average kept, how



A CROP OF STANDING MAIZE.

much requires to be purchased, or can be sold of everything, what the expenses are for veterinary attendance, fire and stock insurance, labour, and so forth, endeavouring as far as possible to take every detail into consideration. Let us assume that we are dealing with three farms with good soil, and three with very poor soil, of three representative sizes. We will take 13.63 acres, 136.3 acres and 1,363 acres, that is to say, a quite small holding, rather more than two acres less than our Surrey small holder—an average farm—and a fairly large estate:

	£	s.	d.
Profit of small holder on good soil in money and money's worth	37	0	0
Add the rent value of house, at a fair computation	6	5	0
	£43	5	0
Deduct interest on probable mortgage	7	0	0
And rates, taxes and tithes, on an average	3	5	0
	10	5	0
Leaving a net profit of	£33	0	0
Profit of small holder on poor soil	£23	5	0
Profit of average-sized farm (136.3 acres) on good soil	259	10	0
Add rent value	30	18	9
	£290	8	9
Deduct interest on mortgage	73	1	1
And taxes and tithes	33	4	5
	106	5	6
Net profit	£184	3	3
The same sized farm with poor soil shows a profit return of only (rates and tithes being less)	£50	0	0
The proprietor of a large estate with good soil has a profit of	1,588	10	0
An estate of the same area but with poor soil will bring in	350	10	0

These figures are a sufficient witness to the superior remunerativeness, proportionately speaking, of the small holding. In fertile parts the income per tonde (13.63 acres English) is £3 6s. (that is, £2 8s. 5d. per acre) on the small holding. On the average-sized farm it is £1 16s. (£1 6s. 1d. per acre). On the large estate it is only £1 11s. 9d. (£1 3s. 6d. per acre). In the case of the farms with poor soil, the difference is even more striking. These returns do not show the lot of the small farmer in a very rosy light. However hard he works, and however successful he may be, his position is no enviable one. The family of the small holder with 13.63 acres of poor land has less to live on by £6 15s. a year than can be earned by the man alone as an agricultural labourer. Even the small holder on a good farm will make only £3 a year more than the labourer, and in both cases a living must be eked out by work for others. The

small holder who owns his farm is, indeed, working at a loss, since, after deducting his own wages, he is not realising a fair percentage on his capital. He would really be considerably better off if he invested the capital which his property represents in the savings bank and worked himself for wages. Even the farmer with his income of £50 a year, from the larger farm, cannot be said to be in anything but straitened circumstances.

MAIZE IN ENGLAND.

This is a most useful forage crop, and it is surprising that it is not grown more frequently in this country. The accompanying photograph shows a few acres recently growing at Highley Manor, Balcombe, Sussex. It is cut green in the hot summer months and carried out on the dry burnt-up pastures such as we have had this season, and the dairy cows and other stock consume it greedily. It grows from 6ft. to 8ft. high, and produces a very large crop—about thirty tons or more an acre.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FERTILITY OF GUINEA-FOWL.

SIR,—I do not know whether all guinea-fowls are prolific layers, but your readers may be interested to hear that my four hens have laid this season, from the third week in March to the middle of October, 470 eggs, or an average of over 117 each. During this period two of the birds sat for five or six weeks on china eggs, and the other two are doing the same now. The hens are two years old, and the cock is a last year's bird. My guinea-fowls have a free run over wood and field. In summer they roost at night in a tree in the fowlyard, and in winter in the henhouse. The nests are sometimes difficult to find, as the birds are confirmed wanderers, but a little trouble in watching the hens will reveal the whereabouts of their nests. They generally lay in the same nest. The chief objection to guinea-fowls is the way they worry the poultry. The eggs are very good, richer than hen's eggs. Mine are fed twice a day, in the morning on house scraps and barley-meal, and in the evening on wheat, with which is mixed a little Indian corn and dario seed.—C. COCHRANE.

BIRD-CHARMING.

WE were sitting, John Spracklin and I, before a blazing fire in "the house," as the great farm kitchen is usually called in remote country places. And, like all the forms and quaint phrases that linger in dialect, this use of the word possesses an unsuspected significance. In the evolution of the dwelling-house, from the simple enclosure surrounding the primitive hearth to the complex structure of a modern habitation, all other apartments have been additions to fulfil the requirements of an advancing civilisation. The "chimmer," the upper room above the ground floor, came later than "the house." The parlour, a place for familiar conversation, is a modern refinement, even now in remote farmhouses kept religiously shut up, except upon occasions of social importance. Everything has grown upon and around this main room, the dwelling-room, which once absolutely was and still in name remains "the house."

A jolly place when there is frost in the air is "the house," with its great open hearth and pile of blazing logs, which the old iron brass-headed dogs only hold up, but do not seek to restrain. And on that night the wood piled high was roaring its merriest in the broad chimney. Dancing firelight played upon the stone floor and the heavy oaken beam across the ceiling, from which hung good store of smoked hams and bundles of dried herbs. It made the lamp upon the table dim. But it lit up the hearty countenance of John Spracklin, and glistened upon his bald crown as he leaned forward to talk.

He was merry that night, for we had tramped since morning over hill and moor, and met with sport. The keen air of the uplands had reddened his shaven cheek. His round face rippled with smiles, and the fringe of silver hair above his ears appeared to have a crisper curl than ever. We were so happy with our cup and pipes that we had never a thought of moving from that fire until it was time to roost.

But John Spracklin is full to the lips with old-world lore, and there is nothing he loves so much to talk about as the almost-forgotten customs and pastimes of his youth. The conversation had been of bird-catching and its many arts and devices. Of bird-lime, made by boiling holly rind, smeared on the outside twigs of bushes, with a stuffed owl perched in the middle to tempt

the small birds to flock around and tease the half-blind wanderer into the daylight; of tole-calls made of sycamore bark, and of vocal imitations so artistic that they were not to be resisted; of limed straw-motes laid down for fieldfares to walk upon, which would stick first to a claw, then to a wing, and finally wear the poor victim out with his agitated struggles to get free. And at the recollections of all these quaint ingenuities John Spracklin threw back his head and laughed.

"But look here!" cried he. "Did ee ever hear o' charmen birds at night when they be 'pon the boughs to roost?"

I shook my head.

"'Tis the easiest thing in life, zo 'tes. All you do want is a dark night, a lantern an' a bell. Then you can pick 'em off like apples off a 'spalier tree. They be that pleased wi' the music, an' dazed wi' the light, they'll let a man put his han' 'pon 'em wi'out so much as a flutter. But you can't do it secret, you know. You must ring the bell all the time. Ting-a-ting, ting-a-ting, for all the world to hear. Never let thik little clapper stop. La, when I was a boy I've a-catched blackbirds an' drushes of a night—a string o' em—dozens. But 'tes all forgotten an' passed away now. 'Twould make folks in this parish wonder to hear a bell go on by the hour in the still o' night. I'll warr'nt 'twould."

He stopped and sat chuckling as he imagined the surprise of the neighbours.

"Where did you catch them?"

"In any thick bush or in a hedgerow. Or in a nice laurel shrubbery, now, where the leaves do gi'e a lewth against the wind. I'd bet a guinea anybeddy could take a pocketvull this very night in the old yew hedges along the path between the bit o' lawn an' the kitchen garden."

"But what sort of bell did you use?"

"Oh, any bell short o' one out o' church tower," laughed he.

"I used to have a little dinner-bell an' a stable lantern."

"I suppose," said I, thoughtfully—"I suppose you have not got that little dinner-bell now?"

"What?" cried the old boy, jumping up from his chair.

"Would you like to go an' try your han' at it? So should I, too; be hanged if I shouldn't. But be dashed if I do think there is a bell. There be a plenty o' lanterns, for what could be better 'an a bicycle lamp? But 'tes not one mossel-bit o' good wi'out a bell. No, you can't catch 'em wi'out a bell."

He sat down depressed and gazed into the fire. He was really disappointed, even to postpone until to-morrow this reminiscence of his boyhood. For a short time he did not speak; but presently he got up again, and I caught sight of that familiar, humorous twinkle in his eye which I have found to mark the inception of a practical joke.

"Come along," said he. "Let us just see what can be done."

We did not go into the garden. It was a dark night, and the bicycle lamp served to show us the way into the village street. Nobody was moving, the alehouse was closed, and only here and there did a light shine in some upstairs cottage window. To my questions he would make no reply, so we walked on in silence until we reached the village shop. Then he rapped upon the door.

The window above our heads partly opened, and we heard a voice:

"Who is there? What do you want?"

"'Tis I, John Spracklin. 'Tis troublen you, Miss Brooke, I do know. But could ee oblige me wi' a pint o' linseed oil?" he begged, in a voice full of anxiety.

"La! Mr. Spracklin, to be sure I can, an' no trouble at all. I'll jus' come down. What? Is some o' your stock a-tookt bad?"

"Well, well. I want it by me for a precaution," explained John Spracklin.

The good soul who kept the shop robed herself in haste and came down solicitous to oblige. She even found a bottle for the oil and a newspaper to wrap it in. John Spracklin was profuse in gratitude; but it did not matter in the least, she assured him, as she re-locked the door behind us.

"I've a-bagged the bell, that do gi'e warnen of a customer, from the back of the old lady's half-hatch," he chuckled.

So we were provided.

We walked along the hedgerow. The leaf was gone, all but here and there a spot of bright yellow when the light flashed upon a hazel bush. I rang that shop-bell, poised on its semi-circular spring, more persistently than the most industrious muffin-man who ever walked; and, now and again, John Spracklin found a bird perched

on the limb of some thorn or maple. We stood and looked at it. Sometimes the light fell on the yellow spotted breast of a song-thrush, and then perhaps on the rusty brown of a hen blackbird. But none attempted to get away so long as the bell rang. The bird had the appearance of being alert, yet allowed itself to be quite easily taken by the hand. Yet if the bell were silent, not a single one would stay. Blackbirds, thrushes, robins, chaffinches, hedge-sparrows and greenfinches, we found them all, and frequently they were not far apart. We took some of each, looked at them, and let them fly into the night. What sort of roosting-place they could select for themselves in the darkness I cannot tell, but most likely they remained upon the ground until morning.

We went into a wood to explore an old laurel shrubbery, underneath the foliage of which we could walk. Starlings had taken it for a roosting-place. Thousands of them must have been there, for they were packed close together on every possible bough; and where there was a good level stick they covered it in an even row, like seamen on an old sailing-ship when the yards were manned. We could have taken a sack bagful; for those upon which the light fell remained still and listened to the bell. Some of the others out of sight in the darkness we could hear taking alarm and fluttering away. So the bell alone did not fascinate them. You must have both bell and candle if you would work this spell upon roosting birds.

"So that's the old sport o' bird-charmen," explained John Spracklin. "And now let's get back to house an' have another pipe by the vire."

WALTER RAYMOND.

DEER-HUNTING IN LANCASHIRE.

GREAT interest is taken in hunting circles in the proposal of Lord Ribblesdale and Captain Ormrod to establish a pack of deerhounds to hunt wild black fallow deer in that part of Lancashire and Yorkshire which lies between Scorton and Wigglesworth. It is fell country with practically no crops, the farms consisting of rough pasture and grass land with the rest moorland, with two rivers, the Ribble and the Lune, both fordable everywhere. Part of this district is at present hunted by two harrier packs of long standing—the Craven Harriers and the Pendle Forest. Lord Ribblesdale has been already hard at work among the occupiers and farmers of the district, and will devote the next two months to obtaining the consent of all of them to having their land hunted over and a welcome given to the deer, on which will depend the starting of the pack.

His lordship has shown very explicitly by his speech at Gisburn a fortnight ago how clearly he recognises the claims of the Craven and the Pendle Forest to those parts of the country which they have hunted for so long; but he feels hopeful that not only will the new hunt not interfere with the prosperity of the harrier-hunting, but that it will even increase their finances by bringing more hunting men into the country, whose extra subscriptions will be very welcome indeed to at least one of the older packs, and that, for this reason, when the Masters have had



H. Bell.

IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

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time to consult the members of their respective hunts, he may receive not only their consent, but hearty co-operation in providing sport which will be of an unique character in England. These black fallow deer, of which sixty or seventy have already been turned out in Captain Ormrod's woods at Wyresdale, have during several years done no damage to trees on an estate where forestry is carried on as a science; they stay in the woods, are rarely seen, and are so wild that their capture in Littlecote Park has been attended with no little difficulty. It has to be remembered, too, that a deer that is stout takes a hunt on and off any particular farm in no time and, consequently, there is little of that ringing so characteristic of the hare, which is quite often killed close to the point where it was started. Hounds will be crossed with the Rough Welsh blood to ensure plenty of music, and a damage fund started to which all members will subscribe.

The interests of shooting tenants in the district will be safeguarded by not going into any coverts until after the second shoot, and one keen shot has already promised to see that if the deer come into his woods they shall take no harm. Hunting in the Gisburn part of the country would probably stop in the middle of March, by which time the meadows are being cleaned up,

though it might possibly go on later in the Wyresdale country. Lord Ribblesdale himself, owing to other calls on his time—his Parliamentary duties, and so on—will leave the details of the management and the field mastership to Captain Ormrod, while himself undertaking the diplomatic part of the mastership, and will make the Gisburn the winter centre of the hunt, and provide kennels and stables there. Twenty-five couple of hounds, horses, and a staff have already been got together, and the outcome of these preparations will now rest on the success of Lord Ribblesdale's efforts and visits during the coming weeks among the farmers and holders of land.

The origin of these black fallow deer, a distinct variety of *C. dama*, seems rather uncertain; the tradition that those in Littlecote Park originally were bred from stock imported from Norway by James I. being doubtful, in view of the fact that they are known to have existed in Windsor Park as far back as the fifteenth century; up till the present it is believed that they have not interbred with the ordinary spotted breed, and their young, by the way, are remarkable in that they are unspotted. The charm of hunting a wild quarry in such a fine country will probably attract many strangers Northward who hitherto have betaken themselves to Exmoor and the New Forest.

A NORWAY SALMON RIVER.

A DAY'S march north of Bergen, the well-known Sogne Fjord pierces the fjelds of Norway for a distance of some seventy miles. It is, I believe, the longest fjord in Scandinavia. Along its indented border, on either side, are scattered small towns and farm-houses, surrounded by small patches of cultivation, behind which rise the rocky, here-and-there-thickly-wooded, everlasting hills, patched with snow as to their sides and summits. By contrast the little red-and-white houses nestling at their feet look like children's toy erections from the deck of the little fjord steamer on which our fishing party stand. This same steamer is, by the way, an annoying means of conveyance for ardent salmon-fishermen keen to arrive at their destination, for its course is devious and zigzag to the last degree. Our river is not much over 100 miles by water from Bergen, but the fjord steamer has to maintain connection with dozens of the small towns and villages already mentioned, and so enable them to keep touch with one another and with the outer world. So we fuss across the Sogne Fjord backwards and forwards, here and there stopping at small landing-stages, taking off and landing passengers, dropping a pound of tea at this place, a packet of soap or a parcel of hardware at that, going up a little branch fjord and down again, until one wearies of the process, and even the wild Scandinavian scenery begins to pall.

Some sixty miles up the Sogne on the north side, at the head of the branch Sogndal Fjord, a milky blue snow-fed river rushes headlong into sea-water. It is named the Aaro, and in some respects is a mystery and a marvel to the orthodox fisherman. This river is the outlet for two lakes, mountain girt, and, of course, snow fed, that run up into the great fjeld mainland of Norway for some twenty-five miles. These two lakes are again connected by a short river, and into them drain the snows of a wide expanse of rocky fjeld, down innumerable burns and streams and little trickles. Then for about two miles from the lower lake the blue snow-water (why is snow-water a greeny milky blue? I should like to know) rushes headlong through a pine-clad mountain gorge, forming a series of splendid foaming rapids that in themselves are worth a long day's journey to see, leaps over a great foss some 100ft. in height, where in the resulting spray a perfect rainbow can always be seen every sunny day, and then, by means of rapid and pool for but a bare half-mile, forms the bulk of the salmon-fishing water we have come out from England to flog. Lastly is another foaming rapid of a few hundred yards, then some long estuary fishing-pools and the sea. Taking the



AARO FOSS.

short extent of fishing-water into consideration, the small amount of good lying for salmon, and the obviously restricted stretch of spawning-beds—for no salmon can get up Aaro Foss without wings—the wonder is that the river is a salmon river at all.

Yet a day on the Aaro River is worth a long journey to obtain. The fish run heavy and play strong. A 25-pounder is a common event, and 40-pounders are by no means uncommon. It was here that Mr. Kennedy killed his 68-pounder not so many years ago, and every Aaro fisherman, when he hooks a heavy fish, hopes for something over 50lb. Treble gut is a necessity, and probably more lines have been broken, and more salmon-fishermen

left, for the time, despondent, on the banks of Aaro than on any other salmon river in the whole of more or less accessible Scandinavia. In this comparison I rule out rivers like the Tana, in the extreme North, where salmon have been caught (and lost) like trout in numbers and like porpoises for size.

Mr. and Mrs. Alec Henderson and I arrived on Aaro one fine sunshiny day last July, having passed on the fjord *en route* our landlord, Colonel Percy Hargreaves, who had fished the river for the first six weeks of the season. His bag was some thirty salmon, including a 48-pounder, and also a 28-pounder killed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in a three-hours' visit to the Aaro on his way home from the Norwegian Coronation festivities. We were glad to think the season promised well, and it was not long before we had rods up and tackle out, and were showing to the Aaro fish some of the best creations in the way of artificial salmon flies that Forrest had been able to supply. That afternoon two salmon, 25lb. and 21lb. respectively, rewarded our efforts, and we considered that a good start had been effected. There were, however, no features out of the ordinary in the play they gave. Split-cane rods, treble gut and the wiles of a 6^o Jock Scott fly had brought them to bank in well under a minute to the pound, and our appetites were only whetted for more sport and larger fish.

"How about these Aaro whales we've heard so much about?" was my companion's remark. "These fish play just like any other salmon." But the excitement was yet to come. In the next day or two A. H. killed a 30-pounder in the estuary, and I extracted a 28-pounder from the river, and some smaller fish followed suit; but their captures afforded no special points of interest nor fishing history out of the common.

Near the head of the fishing-water is a still, deep pool, formed inside the main current of the river, where fly-fishing is a

vain occupation. There is no proper stream to carry a fly, and, moreover, the water is too deep for the fish to rise to a fly. One fine day, from a rough platform made for the purpose, I dropped a prawn into this prawn pool, as it is felicitously named. It was a prawn like a young lobster, boiled a brilliant red, shiny from the glycerine bottle, and deftly fastened to a flight of hooks with red silk. Let no practical fisherman despise the prawn. It has tempted many a lordly salmon to its death, and—we were out to kill salmon. If the Aaro whales sternly declined the artificial fly, it were well to try them with a change of lure. So my prawn was quietly dropped into the depths, and gradually progressed down the pool; then came a rapid tug at the line, and the next moment a tight line and bending rod signified the hooking of a salmon. He felt heavy, and for a few moments took two or three short turns in the calm water. Then, without a moment's warning, the fish ran out into the stream, showed his lordly bulk for a moment like a porpoise near the further bank, and was off down the rapid-flowing Aaro like a flash. "Come on," yelled Anders, my gaffer, and belted down the bank of the river, ready with gaff-handle to clear the line from intervening rocks. The reel screamed as nearly 200yds. of silk running-line were taken off it in that first mad rush. For over 300yds. that salmon ran down the river with scarcely a pause, taxing my best efforts to follow him down the rocky bank and get back, as best I might, some of the long length of line he had run out. For the next ten minutes his fate hung in the balance. Once the line caught in a high rock, and was only just lifted in time by Anders with the gaff-handle. Then we came to a pool above the lower rapids, where a halt was absolutely necessary. Once below this pool, and no power on earth could have saved my tackle and brought the fish to bank. For many minutes it was touch and go. Inch by inch, however, the line was recovered, and the fish gradually brought up into calmer water and nearer to his fate. Then, after a period of heart-disturbing excitement, his great silvery bulk was slowly drawn into shallower water, and, finally, came the quick stroke of the gaff, a mighty splashing, and a bright 36-pounder lay gasping on the grassy bank.

Below the prawn pool was a good-looking run, down which I had put a fly religiously for many days without sign or touch of salmon. It looked one of the best throws for fly on Aaro, but nothing came. One day I fished a prawn, Dee-fashion, with light trolling rod and Mallock reel, down this pool. At the foot was an eddy behind a stone, and as the prawn came round into this eddy I felt a slight touch, like a leaf upon the line. How do salmon effect those gentle touches, by the by? A friend of mine, and an experienced salmon-fisherman, Sir Herbert Praed, propounds the theory that they do it with their tails—a theory with which I am inclined to agree. But, to resume: "Anders," I remarked to my gillie, "I believe I felt a salmon; give me a fresh prawn." Then, with another young lobster, all eyes and feelers, I repeated the cast with similar length of line. As the prawn came round into the eddy, the rod was nearly pulled out of my hand. A heavy fish had simply wolfed the prawn at one gulp. It was another flyer. The salmon took me 200yds. down the river, ran to and fro across the stream like a mad thing, and was eventually gaffed at the brink of the lower rapids in the nick of time by the skilful Anders, and pulled down the scale to 31lb.

I give these incidents as samples of Aaro sport. A. H. killed a 32-pounder in the estuary pool next day, that gave somewhat similar sport, and both of us, at decent intervals, hooked more monsters in the prawn pool and elsewhere, some of which broke us or got rid of the hooks, and some of which, including a 44-pounder, were duly landed. The fish did not all run alike. Some played calmly round the pool and never went out of it,



THE ESTUARY POOL.

On the other hand, some were flyers of the very first order. In no other river have I seen quite such rushers or enjoyed quite so keen excitement of the kind. Possibly it was a question of whether the fish were hooked in a tender spot or not. But the first wild rush of a heavy Aaro salmon that is really on the run is something not to be forgotten.

Two friends of ours, Sir Herbert Praed and Mr. Alfred Gilby, came out in August to take our places on the Aaro, and keep the salmon occupied until the end of the season. Their experience was, more or less, the same as ours. Now and then the fly-fisherman was rewarded. On the very evening of his arrival Mr. Gilby put a Dusty Miller over Solstein pool, hooked a 32-pounder and landed him 200yds. further down the river. But the prawn remained the most successful lure, and so caused Sir Herbert Praed, formerly an orthodox fly-fisherman of the strictest sect, to dub the Aaro a poacher's river and forthwith to practise "poaching." The capture of a 38-pounder in the prawn pool brought about his downfall; while Mr. Gilby caught many monsters, including a 46-pounder. My own demoralisation on the subject of bait-fishing for salmon is now absolutely complete. In fact, I am prepared to argue that fly-fishing for salmon is merely an apprentice, tyro art, and that the real master of the sport is he who can with deftness, and the skill that only comes from constant practice, insinuate the prawn, or even the worm, along the bed of a rocky rapid river, and so, with a hardened conscience, kill many heavy salmon when the fly-fisherman returns with virtuous satisfaction and—an empty bag.

HENRY SETON-KARR.



AARO RIVER BELOW THE FOSS.

SHOOTING.

WASTE OF PHEASANTS.—II.

FOR the sake of convenient discussion, it is as well to divide coverts into two classes—those which can be driven in one beat, and those which cannot. To take the former, larger and deservedly most popular, class first, it may be said at once that many rises are spoiled by making two beats of a covert which ought to have been done in one. Again, guns are often posted at the ends of coverts with instructions to shoot birds which should have been driven unmolested to some other flushing-ground better adapted to the production of high pheasants.

A word of advice may here be given on driving birds from their home to some other locality, possibly little known to them. Keepers who have not tried, or who have failed in trying, to do this hate it. "They won't go, sir; we tried it last year, and they all came back over our heads," is the kind of thing one hears. In nine cases out of ten this is entirely due to a want of knowledge of how to send them forward. If pheasants are to be driven away from home for the purpose of a better rise somewhere else, it is most important that they should do their travelling on foot. To ensure this they must be kept well ahead of the beaters. It stands to reason, then, that the beaters must move very slowly and must make a lot of noise. It is as well for the beaters to pause, after lining out, before beginning the beat, and make as much noise as possible in order to give the birds a good start. Another halt should be called (and this is most important) about 50yds. or 60yds. from the end of the covert, when the noise should be continued till as many birds as possible have been driven out, before a further advance is allowed. Care must, of course, be taken that there is nothing in front likely to frighten the birds, although flanking guns may be placed to kill those going in the wrong direction, and the guns with the beaters will get a few shots at the birds which remain to the end, as these are sure to go back.

The success of most rises is largely dependent on the judicious placing of stops or wire-netting, or both. It would take up too much space to go into half the ways in which these useful adjuncts to a shoot can be used, but a mistake very frequently made by those who have not thought the matter out may be mentioned. Stops or wire-netting are often placed inside a covert or belt, some little distance from the end, in order to force the birds to rise further from the guns than they would otherwise do. This gives them time to rise and get well on the wing before being shot at; but where people make the mistake is in placing the stops or wire in a straight line across the covert, whereas they should be placed in the shape of an elongated V, with the apex towards the guns. When the line of stops is straight, the birds on coming to it run towards the sides, where they rise. The whole of the advantage of forcing them to go up straight in order to clear the trees is thus lost, and the direction they may take when rising at the sides is uncertain. When wire-netting only is used in this way, care should be taken that the apex of the V, where most of the birds will rise, is placed so that those rising close to the wire will find a convenient opening in the trees through which to begin their journey forward, and if a spot can be chosen (it generally can be) where trees are so thick as to make their flight back almost impossible, so much the better. It may seem to many that details such as these are mere trifles and not worthy of consideration, but if the men whose business it is to put down wire-netting and to place stops would pay more attention to these details and use their reasoning powers a little while doing it, they would have less cause to be dissatisfied at the result of their shoots.

Although thousands of pheasants, which are reared annually at considerable cost, are shown so badly as to entail great waste, a trifling expenditure, comparatively speaking, would often reduce this waste to a minimum. Reference is made not to planting coverts, which is too large a subject for this article, but to improving—purely from the point of view of producing good rises—those which already exist. On most properties where pheasants are reared there is some plantation, or clump of trees even, from which birds would fly well if there was any covert at the bottom to hold them. A horse and cart will carry sufficient hedge trimmings, fir boughs, etc., to thicken up a large space in a few days, and yet how often is this simple expedient overlooked! When one of these ideal rising-places is found and properly prepared, enough use is seldom made of it. At the best, it is fed from other coverts all day with the object of a grand rise to finish with. In this case, numbers of low birds are shot beforehand which would have come well out of our ideal covert. In cases such as these, three or four excellent, though smaller, rises instead of one might have been had from the best covert, and no low birds need have been shot at all. Several rises from the one covert also have the advantage of enabling the host to change the positions of his guns each time the beat is repeated, thus giving them all a turn at the best of the birds. The advantage of using the best flushing-ground for as many rises during the day as possible is, perhaps, most apparent

in very large woods, which may take possibly a whole day to shoot. In most of these there is one quarter, at any rate, from which birds can be made to fly better than from any other part of the wood. If the axe is liberally and judiciously applied, this quarter may be made to afford a first-rate rise. Different portions of the wood can then be driven into the prepared quarter at intervals, and all the birds in the wood shot from the same quarter. This will probably be preferred by the majority of shooters to a larger number of characterless rises which remain in our memory no longer than they last.

If pheasants, and good pheasants, are the primary object of the day, and ground game is only a secondary consideration, it is a great mistake when driving large coverts to take small beats; it is a common failing with keepers, and is sometimes done to spin out the day. Small beats invariably mean that a large proportion of hens compared to cocks will be killed, and many of the birds in the covert will be able to keep out of sight all day. Very few keepers feed their pheasants on the morning of the shoot, and it is a great mistake to do so, for if fed they seldom fly well, and are quite as likely to stray as if they were obliged to wait for their breakfast. When a high bird does come along it is far less likely to be killed with a full crop than with an empty one. In this last statement the writer has no wish to invent a new excuse for failing to kill, but anyone who has shot pigeons coming in to roost with their crops full, and also going out to feed in the morning with their crops empty, will admit that there may be something in the contention.

Woods vary so much in shape and in the formation of the ground that it is impossible to lay down any rule for beating them, and experience will be found to be the best guide; but because a covert has been beaten in a certain way for fifty years it by no means follows that there is no better way of doing it.

C. A.

ABNORMAL DISTRIBUTION OF SNIFE AND WOODCOCK.

THE snipe and woodcock seem to be repeating again this year the rather unusual reversal of their normal habits to which they treated us last year. During that winter both snipe and woodcock were killed in fair numbers, taking the total bag of Great Britain, but they were killed in bags that, locally speaking, were not at all in accord with expectation. A very great many more than usual were killed on the East Coast, and proportionately few on the West Coast and Ireland, where much larger bags are generally looked for than in the East. The explanation hazarded for this new departure—and it is an explanation that commends itself as being very probable indeed—was that the birds coming from the East naturally landed on our East Coast—this would be their custom in all years; but in most seasons they find a dash of cold weather on the East Coast very soon after arrival, cold which freezes the ground hard and makes their food hard to come at, and in consequence they commonly move further West to milder climates and softer ground. Last winter, however, it was very abnormally mild throughout, and the long-billed birds in consequence did not find it necessary to go West in search of soft ground. In the present winter, or late autumn—whichever it is right to call it—very mild weather continued right up to almost the very end of October, and the explanation which seemed to account for the prolonged stay of these birds in the Eastern parts of England and Scotland last winter might again, with equal reason, account for their continued residence there thus far in the present year. At the moment of writing these comments, there is a decided sign of a change towards a more frosty type of weather, and if this prevails it will be curious to see whether the birds take the hint and move on Westward. There is little doubt that they will. If they do not, however, and if they show a tendency towards making their more or less permanent winter home in the East instead of the West, it will be a very remarkable change of habit, for which we shall be obliged to find some other reason than that which has just been suggested, and it will be a change that will please the shooter of the Eastern parts of Great Britain at the expense of the shooters of the West and of Ireland.

HEREDITY IN RED DEER HEADS.

Referring to a recent article in these pages discussing the difficult subject of heredity in the horns carried by red deer, a correspondent points out to us the curious fact that the very big-horned stag at Warnham, known as the "Warnham stag," has not left any traces which are obvious in the stock in that park. He was himself a stag which, despite his abnormal head development (he had forty-five or forty-seven points, accordingly as small knoblets were or were not reckoned), was not a very bulky animal. He never grew to weigh more than some 21st. or 22st.—perhaps he had a little gone off when he was killed, at the age of thirteen, for he had suffered some injuries in battle, besides carrying a considerable burden of years—and was at no time an exceptionally good fighter, seeming to be cumbered in his movements by the great weight of the horn, which was very massive, one of the cups holding a half pint of liquid and the beam being very large. It is possible that this relative inability to fight, as his horns promised that he ought to fight, is part of the reason why the stock do not show more unmistakable likeness to him. There are, of course, some wonderfully fine heads now among the deer of that famous herd, such as a twenty-two pointer, and a youngster who began his horn growth with no less than six points the very first season that he showed a horn at all; but, for all that, there is none of which one could say without dispute that his head development could be distinctly traced to the "Warnham stag" as his progenitor. The stock might quite well have been as it is even if his very remarkable head had never been seen among the rest. Of course, so far as this is evidence at all on the subject of discussion, it is entirely negative, but it seems that it ought to be noticed, for whatever it is worth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGES AND "GAPES."

SIR,—With reference to the article in COUNTRY LIFE of October 20th concerning Hungarian partridges, may I ask if gapes in partridges is not a new disease never heard of some twenty or more years ago, though now often spoken of, and, if so, what is the cause of it? and whether it is not in some way connected with the introduction into this country of Hungarian partridges?—P. J. WALKER, Hereford.

[We have submitted this letter to Mr. Edward A. Stonor, the writer of the article referred to, and he replies as follows: "With respect to enquiries *re* the presence of 'gapes' in partridges and the possible introduction of this disease through imported Hungarians, it may be of interest to state that the parasitic worms known as 'gapes' are common to all birds from ostriches to wrens, and denote no new disease. 'Gapes' are far more prevalent among birds kept in captivity or hand-reared, such as fowls, tame pheasants, or cage-birds, than among wild ones. It is, in fact,

the product of domesticity rather than a natural malady, and as a proof of this partridges and pheasants are found to contract the disease in a marked degree on ground where poultry farms are numerous. Ill-kept pheasants or overstocked 'tame' ground are often hotbeds of infection, and wild birds of every kind in the neighbourhood of such areas are found to be afflicted to a greater extent than those whose habitat is far removed from them. Hungarian partridges in their natural state are as free from 'gapes' as any other wild bird; if penned or hand-reared they are as liable to contract it as domestic fowls, tame pheasants, or caged singing birds. In all cases the parasite is the same; in all cases it attacks the windpipe, penetrating ultimately to the lungs, and when seen under the microscope and taken from a recently-killed bird, it is found to be gorged with blood and surrounded with eggs, of which the period of incubation is rapid. The origin of 'gapes' is one of those mysteries which science has yet to solve. At present the best preventive would seem to be cleanliness."—Ed.]

ON THE GREEN.

NEW COURSES IN SUSSEX.

IT happens to be my own fortune to play about at a good many quaint little out-of-the-way courses in the South—down courses (better called up-and-down courses) and the like; and it often has struck me how surprised and terrified some of the stereotyped class of Scottish golfers would be if they were to see these places, the minuteness of the putting greens terraced out of the down's side, and the appalling nature of the catastrophes that overtake you if you are just off, instead of just on, these greens. As a rule, the down courses are short, often they are narrow, and because of the terrific punishment which attends slight error in the approach, accuracy is at a premium, and length of drive is not asked for. If you have the misfortune just to miss with your approach, the green, which looks from a distance rather like a house-martin's nest stuck against the wall of a house, you may roll right away to the bottom of the down, and if the wind is at all against you it is impossible to say in how many strokes you may reach the upper levels again. You may drive and drive, and after each attempt may come back again to the spot from which you started, which makes fine exercise, but queer golf.

However, all courses in Sussex are not of that nature. There is Rye, which is of a fine seaside quality; there is Ashdown Forest, a heath course, on the Forest Ridge; and Worthing has now a new green which has just been opened by an exhibition match between Braid and Vardon. On Saturday Mr. Mure Fergusson and myself had a match by way of opening a new nine-hole course at Horsham, which is different in its features from most of the courses in Sussex. It is frankly of an inland character. A large proportion of its hazards consist of trees, which form a better kind of golfing difficulty than they often get credit for. A good many bunkers have been cut; there is still scope for the intelligent placing of several more, and when the green has been a little more played on it will be quite a good specimen of its class. It has the advantage, which it is not easy to estimate too highly, of a soil that dries quickly after rain. Its condition on Saturday was very good testimony to this, for, in spite of heavy rains on the previous night, it was not sloppy nor slippery. There is plenty of interest at every hole, and as a rule the holes are of very good length, so that one is frequently at a hard stretch to reach the greens in two. The greens are well guarded, and, considering how lately the course was opened, are of very fairly true character.

The Horsham green is very prettily situated, and owes not a little of its attractiveness to the trees around it. The club-house is ingeniously and prettily adapted from an old farmhouse and its buildings, the principal club-room being formed out of a high barn with the original oak rafters kept, which helps to preserve the character of

the buildings and makes it well accordant with its surroundings, as well as well adapted to its new uses. It might be supposed that the South of England had enough of golf courses; their name is legion; but, even so, they do not seem to increase in due proportion with the increase of golfers—can Mr. Sidney Webb's figures be right, after all?—for already, though hardly opened, this new Horsham club has a membership of nearly 200, and is an undoubted success from the point of view of popularity, which is, after all, perhaps the most important one. The fact that the course was so dry after the wet night previous to our playing on it is a guarantee that the good folk (and the bad, too) of Horsham and district may have good fun on it in the winter months, which is more than can be said of many an inland course. The land on which it is laid out belongs to Mr. C. J. Lucas of Warnham, and he is president of the new club. Mr. Jukes is the first captain, and in the afternoon of Saturday Mr. Jukes and myself had a foursome match against Mr. Fergusson and Mr. Lucas. In the event of the club increasing, as it seems likely to do, in playing membership, so as to find the nine-hole course too confined for the energies of all the other members, Mr. Lucas has other land of identical character adjoining that occupied by the present nine holes which the club will be able to lease from him, presumably on similar terms, and there is ample room there for laying out nine additional holes to bring the total up to the statutory eighteen. So far as the present nine go, they average a fair length, some of them being quite long holes. There is only one really short hole, and this is, as it should be, frankly a short hole, to be reached by something less than a full iron shot. At present the green of this hole is very inadequately guarded by bunkers; but this is a detail which can be remedied with very little trouble and expense; and it is always a mistake on the right side, if a mistake at all, in laying out a new course, to delay making any bunkers other than those which are obviously needed, rather than to make them too soon, before experience has indicated their best position, and before it has been fairly ascertained how much the run of the ball will be

increased by the consolidation of the ground under the golfer's manly foot.

H. HUTCHINSON.

INLAND AND SEASIDE GOLF.

ALL golfing history tells us that the original home of the game has been near the great and melodious waters of the sea. Whether the early inventors of golf, were of the fierce and resourceful contraband race of Dirck Haitterick among the seaside population of Holland, or whether the game owes its origin to the equally bold and resource-

ful "miscellaneous" merchants who imported anything and everything, from delicate Malines lace for a queen's nightcap to runlets of generous Burgundy wine, at the little fishing ports on the Fife coast, the curtain of obscurity at present hides the truth



WORTHING LINKS: A VIEW FROM THE SECOND TEE.



A FLORAL HAZARD AT WORTHING.

from the inquisitive investigator. But whether in Holland or in Fife, it seems to be a pretty well-assured fact that the smell of the sea has hung persistently as an indispensable atmosphere over the links.

In the old days we had the kings and queens of Scotland quitting their relatively inland palaces at Holyrood, Linlithgow, Stirling and Perth to indulge in a week's surfeit of courtly golf at Leith, Musselburgh or St. Andrews. Every historical reference, with the exception of Blackheath, brings the king, queen, courtier, laird, merchant and peasant to the sand-dunes of the seashore when each and all wished to recreate themselves "at the gowff." In the stormy days of trial and sorrow in the delicate art of successfully governing a hostile population, Mary Stuart played golf with members of her Court, shot arrows at the butts, and went on a long hawking ride either at St. Andrews, Leith, Dunbar, or at Seton Castle in East Lothian. The change for her, as it is for less highly-placed mortals among us to-day, was to enjoy the shrewd and eager nip of the sea, and to carry out a short recreative holiday remote from the clamant cares of statecraft amid the rustling sand-dunes and the weird note of the startled curlew and plover. The same tendency was seen in her descendant, Charles I., who in a temporary absence from Holyrood was tracked down by a dust-bespattered messenger from Whitehall just as he had holed out on one of the putting greens on the ancient Leith links, and had violently to break up his pleasant foursome match when the despatch that the messenger brought him recounted the breaking out of the Irish Rebellion. The same tale is told of the popularity of seaside golf in those days in every domestic history of the lairds and gentry. The wooing of the sea was irresistible, and the game in its early history flourished exceedingly amid the solitude of its barren shores.

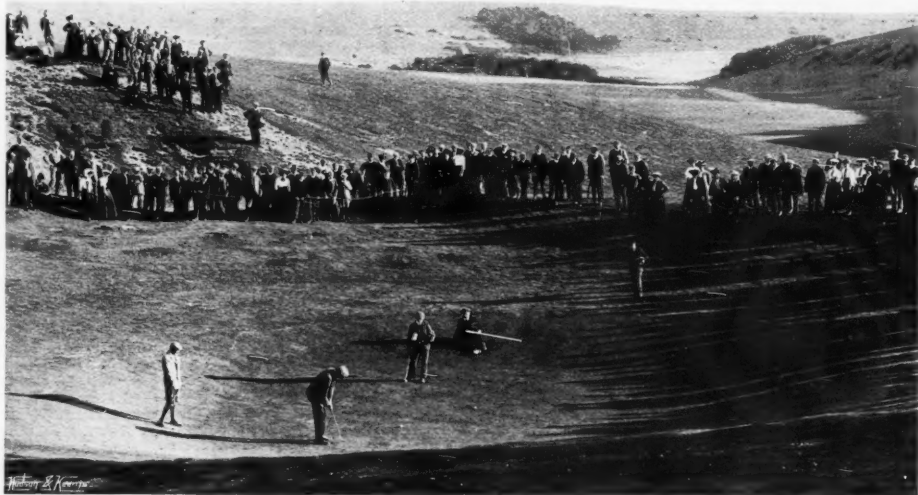
From those troublous days of kingcraft and statecraft onwards until within the last dozen years, it may be truly said that golf has been fostered and nurtured into vigour by the rough and stern surroundings of the seaside. The progress of golf in the last half century has followed the same law of progressive development usually associated with the annexation of a country by a conquering and enterprising nation. It is first the borderland of the sea and all the means of access which it provides to the new territory; then it is what the modern and astute diplomat describes as the "hinterland." For at least twenty years the process of the golfer in annexing all the best available strips of territory on the seashore for his game has been patiently, as well as effectively, carried out. You can now tee your ball at Wick, Thurso and Lossiemouth, and play round the coastline of Scotland and England and Wales, back again to the shores of the Pentland or Moray Firth, almost without a break. A girdle of exceedingly interesting golf greens, like the embroidered hem of an antique garment,

encircles the picturesque physical contour of these islands; and thus the influence of seaside golf, whose sparse and scattered germ was laid in the romantic age of our fifteenth century history, has been supplemented in these crowded days of varied human effort by an undreamt-of development of inland golf. The inland "hinterland" is now being cultivated to its fullest capacity, and the movement of golf from the seaside inland affords the best testimony forthcoming of the marvellous growth and popularity of the game among all sections of the community. Seaside golf belongs to the age of courtly leisure, lettered ease, and exclusive social privilege; inland golf is the distinctive recreative mark of an industrial age, wide popular liberty, and democratised institutions of government, wherein privilege of any kind receives neither scant courtesy nor toleration. Every town, village, and hamlet has a golf green somewhere near, and the dozen ceremonial players who followed the pastime at the seaside a generation ago, are now multiplied by thousands on all the inland greens scattered up and down the kingdom. With

the extraordinarily quick spread of inland golf there has grown up, too, a distinct variation in the style of playing the game. The seaside school, both professional and amateur, will always provide the classic model in style. Braid, Vardon, Taylor and Herd are all professional products of seaside golf, combined, of course, with a genius all their own of ready adaptability to the altered circumstances of inland play. But one of the influences at work which is tending largely to modify the general standard of style among the large body of amateurs is the preponderance of inland golf throughout the year. It is less elegant, but more forceful; less careful of traditional form, but more energetic; and, on the whole, quite as successful in attaining the desired end during the complicated struggle for victory either in match or score play.

OPENING OF THE WORTHING LINKS.

A NEW and very fine golf green at Worthing in Sussex (of which we give illustrations this week) has been added to the growing number of links throughout the country. The formal opening ceremony was marked last week by an exhibition match, in which Braid and Vardon were the players. The course of eighteen holes, with a subsidiary course of nine holes for ladies, has been laid out over undulating down land, highly suitable in all respects for the playing of the game. The subsoil is chalk, and the turf short and crisp, while the natural drainage is so effective that play in the winter months will be quite as enjoyable as in the dry weather of summer. In originally marking out the course Vardon has taken skilful advantage of the lie of the ground and the natural hazards that existed here and there upon it. This is notably the case at the sixth hole, where the tee shot is played from the top of the hill down on to a level bit of strath, leaving a second shot to carry a stretch of whins guarding the putting green. These whins and a clump of pine trees make a perfectly natural "floral hazard," such a hazard, indeed, as many clubs



BRAID AND VARDON ON THE NINTH GREEN.

would desire to make artificially if the eccentricity of Nature had not by its liberality of gift at Worthing seemed to have fore-run the wishes of the golfer. There are, moreover, excellent views of the surrounding scenery to be had from almost any point on the swelling undulations of the course, and no one can gainsay the quality of the crisp and invigorating air. All the holes are of good length and variety in the distances chosen, with the result that there is plenty of opportunity for wooden club play through the course. The holes vary in length from 100yds. to 530yds., and there is a fair sprinkling of holes between 300yds. and 450yds. Dr. Gethin-Jones, aided by a capable committee, has devoted himself zealously to the work of supervising the making of the course, and of introducing improvements here and there which had possibly not been thought of when the scheme of the new links at Worthing was promoted originally. An old farmhouse has been converted into a club-house for the use of the members and the ladies, while Douglas McEwan, the professional attached to the club, brings to the new green the reputation of an historic golfing name, both as a skilled club-maker, a fine player and a painstaking teacher.

ROYAL WIMBLEDON AUTUMN MEETING.

In the competitions for the handsome prizes which took place on two days of last week, the Royal Wimbledon Club were favoured with most propitious weather for good scoring. The green was also in particularly good playing order, and the gathering as a whole brought out a numerous and representative attendance of players. Dr. R. Worth, a scratch player who has made marked and rapid improvement in his game of late years, carried off the prize honours of the meeting. He won three or four of the principal prizes, being closely followed by Mr. M. G. R. Girdlestone, Mr. V. A. Pollock and Mr. F. G. Thorne. It was an unmistakable triumph of the young brigade, whose type, the strong and lithe player, combines skill and accuracy with great dash

and freedom of style. On Saturday evening a large gathering of members dined in their fine dining-hall in the club-house, presided over at the beginning by Mr. R. H. Pringle, the retiring captain. A touch of lightsome picturesqueness was lent to the prevailing dark costumes of the members and guests by the brilliant scarlet coats of former captains of the club, among whom were Mr. Lionel Ridpath, Mr. Cumming and Mr. Robert Thomson. In resigning the chair and in installing Mr. Norman Foster as the captain for the year, Mr. Pringle, in a speech characterised by great felicity of phrase, paid a warm tribute to Mr. Foster for his long and valuable services to the club. Mr. Foster, he said, was not only a born golfer whose reputation was not confined to Wimbledon, but as a most capable and hard-working secretary for many years he had done much to make the Royal Wimbledon Club one of the representative institutions connected with the game in the country. The compliment that had been paid to him in being elected captain for the year was acknowledged by Mr. Foster with graceful sincerity; and thereafter Mr. Cumming proposed "The Visitors," the toast being responded to by the captain of the Wimbledon Park Golf Club. In an excellently-conceived speech, at once brimful of racy humour and fiery enthusiasm for the charms of golf, Mr. Laidlaw Purves proposed "Golf and Golfing Societies." As became one who knows so much about the game, and has been an earnest pioneer of its progressive development in England, Mr. Purves expounded with unimpeachable authority and conviction the pregnant lesson of "old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new"; and he enforced upon all his hearers, and especially upon the rising young players of to-day, the great duty of maintaining high the inherited golfing traditions of the past, and the preservation of the game from all deteriorating influences and associations, as well as in the spirit in which golf should always be played. It was in every respect a charming golfing gathering.

A. J. ROBERTSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A WONDERFUL SNAP-SHOT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph of a red deer fawn was taken by Mrs. A. R. Kay of Cley, Norfolk, on a summer afternoon, while on a visit to Ardlussa Forest in the Island of Jura. She was stalking the hind with her camera, and came quite suddenly on the fawn, which showed no sign of fear; and she retreated after taking the photograph, leaving it quite undisturbed. This photograph is the most interesting of many taken during that visit.—R.

OLD-FASHIONED HOME-BAKED BREAD.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—As a constant reader and admirer of your excellent, most artistic paper, I should like to call attention to the growing taste for the old-fashioned home-baked bread. Your correspondent, "H. A. E.," very properly calls attention to the want of nourishment in the so-called bread of the present day, its only recommendation being its whiteness. Some years since I asked my baker if he could make me some bread similar to that which I helped my mother to make when a boy, some sixty years ago. He consented to do so, and I am glad to tell you that the result has been most gratifying to me and beneficial to many, as I find now that several bakers here (Bournemouth) have



seventy years ago than in those made at the present day. The flavour of both bread and cheese made yesterday to be eaten to-day is quite inferior to that of those which, in the case of bread, will keep good for a week, and of cheese for twelve months, and the nourishing properties are much greater. The present method of making quick-maturing cheese, which I am told is sent to market before it is a week old, deprives it of the true cheese flavour, and much of its nourishment.

Quick despatch and a more rapid turnover of money seems to have prompted this deterioration in the quality of cheese of the present day. Those who have tramped hundreds of miles over mountain and valley with their knapsacks can best appreciate the luxury of farmhouse bread and the flavour of old-fashioned cheese, when the appetite is keen, the lungs full of fresh air, and the legs resting beneath the homely table of the cottage or the farmhouse on the mountain-side.—T. S.

JUMPING SALMON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of salmon running the weir at Glandanale, on the Blackwater just above the famous Careysville Fishery, taken October 20th, 1906.—HARRY DOWNING.

[Our readers will remember similar photographs of jumping salmon published in these pages from time to time.—ED.]

"NOR IRON BARS A CAGE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following instance of a wild bird becoming perfectly tame may be of interest to your readers. In the autumn of 1904 a lad from a mining village in East Lothian caught a redpoll, which he kept in captivity in the



cards in their windows, "Ye old farmhouse bread." I am convinced that there was much more nourishment in the old-fashioned bread and cheese made sixty or

ordinary way for over a year. One day last spring, while the cage was hanging outside the cottage, the bird escaped (as the owner thought, never to return). To his surprise it came back a few hours later and voluntarily entered the cage, and from that time onwards it was allowed full liberty to come and go as it pleased. It sometimes remained away a day or two at a time. Early last summer the redpoll flew away, but failed to return. At the end of three months it reappeared and returned to its friend and its cage. It afterwards transpired that during its long absence the bird had been kept in captivity by a man living in the same village, who had caught and kept it not knowing its history. The redpoll is now in its adopted home and enjoying its accustomed liberty.—J. C. G. R.



THE ALDWORTH YEW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The well-wooded Berkshire village of Aldworth possesses a remarkable yew tree of some celebrity, which still retains a wonderful amount of vigour,



as appears from the photograph which I send you. It stands in the churchyard close to the high road, to the south-east of the church of St. Mary, which is often visited by antiquaries to see its unique collection of fourteenth century effigies. The trunk of the tree has a peculiar chalice-shaped appearance, as it swells out considerably a little above the foot. I found that its present girth 5ft. 6in. from the ground is 27ft. 6in. The branches extend, from north to south, 69ft., though some of them are dead. A particular feature of this ancient tree is the comparative vigour and freshness of a considerable portion, notwithstanding that the outer bark has long ago disappeared from about half of the trunk. But, by way of compensation, bark has grown up in the interior of the central hollow. The Aldworth yew came into notoriety about a century and a-half ago; for a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1760 drew attention to its great size, stating that it had a girth of 9yds. Dr. Rock in his "Church of Our Fathers" made particular mention of the Aldworth yew. He there assumed, as generally admitted by naturalists, that the diameter of a yew tree increases one line, that is, the twelfth of an inch, yearly. On this basis he calculated that the tree began to grow in the year A.D. 464. I suppose this is an estimate which present-day naturalists would regard with suspicion; but, at the same time, I am inclined to think, having given a good deal of attention to old yews up and down the country, that the Aldworth example may at least go back to pre-Conquest days. About a year ago a foolish story, based on a jest, brought this tree into a certain amount of ridiculous prominence. The longest branches on the south side reach to the walk in the churchyard

leading to the south porch. Near the end of the stoutest of these limbs hangs a yard or two of stout rusty chain. An inquisitive tourist asked a witty villager the meaning of this appendage. He was told that in old days, when hangings were frequent, the body of everyone throughout the whole of this part of Berkshire who suffered capital punishment was suspended from this yew tree, which at one time was frequently laden with many specimens of this ghastly fruit. The tourist, believing the yarn, sent it to one of the cheapest of our illustrated papers, and the credulous editor was foolish enough to insert it as a fact. The prosaic explanation is

that the chain was placed there about the middle of last century to sustain a lamp, when late evening services were first instituted.—F. S. A.

CLIMBING HEDGEHOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some years ago, owing to storing potatoes near my kitchen, it was overrun with cockroaches. A friend lent me a young hedgehog for a few weeks, and a great slaughter of the innocents followed. It was fairly awake and active during the day, and gave us some fine sport. On its first appearance as a rolled-up ball upon the floor the cat had an idea it was a living thing, and kept a close watch on it. The first movement brought the cat's right paw down upon it with killing force, an act that was worse for the cat, who went limping about on three legs for some time. Puss never repeated that joke, but followed the mysterious visitor wherever it went at a respectable distance. To cut short my tale, it took pleasure in climbing the stairs, and it was certainly clever at that acrobatic feat. The third stair had been renewed, and the nosing projected more than the other old ones. This troubled the hedgehog, who was built on the lines of Falstaff, and his short legs ill served him to surmount this obstruction. His first attempt was watched diligently by the cat, who was content to remain on the kitchen floor—a slip, a bump, a bounce, and the rolled-up hedgehog was on the cat's back. The fun was to see the dust fly and those animals regain their self-possession. This pantomime was oft repeated, but always minus the punishment of the cat, who, knowing what was coming when the slip occurred, left a clear space for the hedgehog. This climbing appeared to be natural to the animal, and the act of falling to count for nothing, for when rolled up it seemed to be indifferent where it went or what became of it. It was a persistent little dog, and on several occasions succeeded in climbing the whole of the stairs.—WILLIAM STEVENSON.

